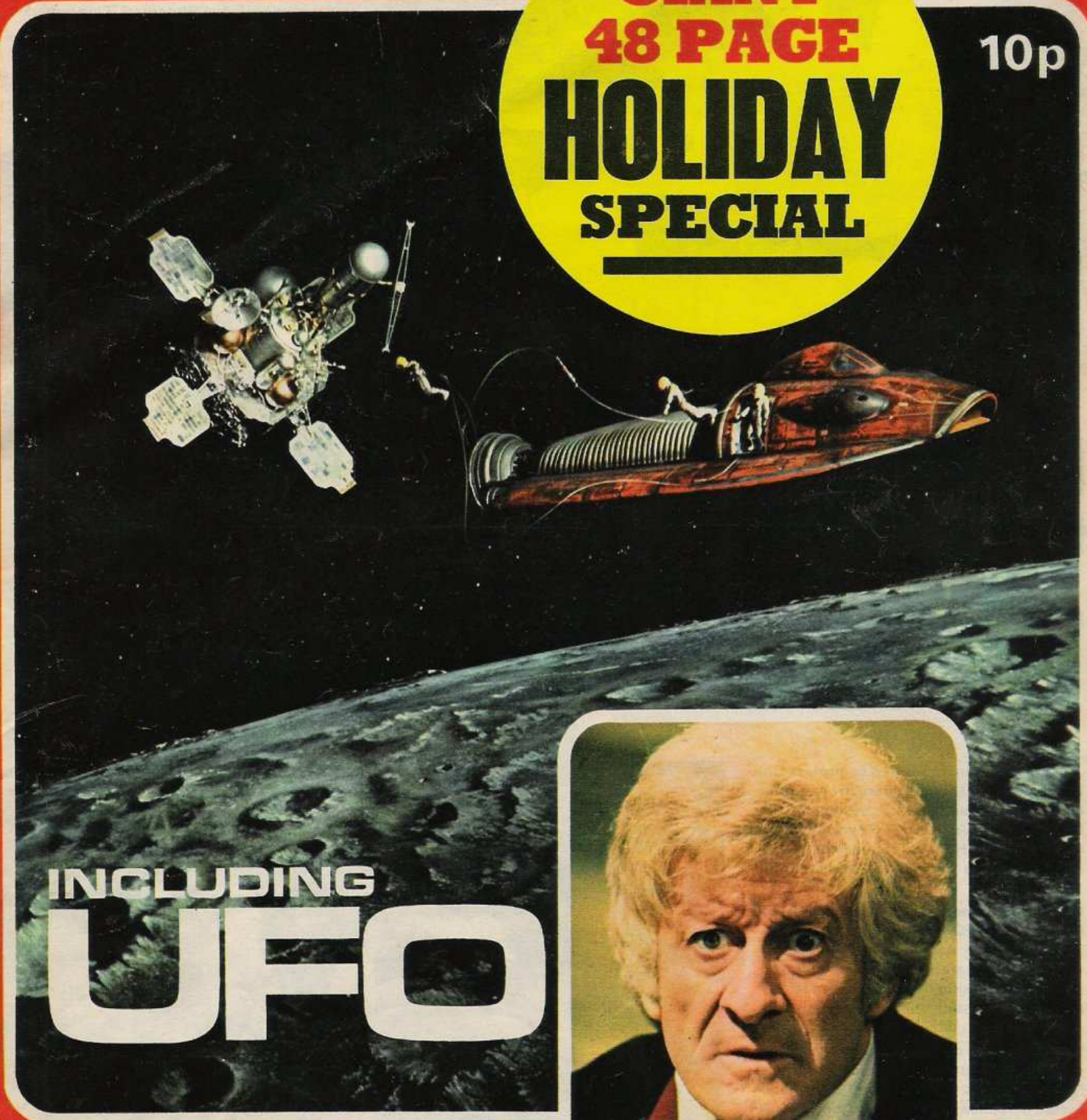
# countdown

GIANT
48 PAGE
HOLIDAY
SPECIAL

10p



INCLUDING
UFO

AND
DR. WHO

Outside the Earth's atmosphere, SHADO's main firepower is provided by the Interceptors under the control of Moonbase. These single-seat vertical take-off machines are housed in craters beneath the Moon's surface and operate in packs of three. In order to destroy UFOs, each Interceptor is equipped with the Earth's most powerful computer-assisted missile.

If the Interceptors on Moonbase fail to destroy an approaching UFO, SHADO's main line of defence within the Earth's atmosphere is the Skydiver. This remarkable machine is really two craft in one, designed to cover both the air and the sea, for the front section, code-named Sky 1, is a powerful jet aircraft capable of supersonic speeds and great fire-power...

# The Aliens are coming...

...and the man appointed to protect the Earth against the intruders from Outer Space is Colonel Edward Straker of the United States Air Force—Supreme Commander of SHADO (Supreme Headquarters Alien Defence Organisation).

One of the main links in the SHADO network for UFO tracking and defence is Moonbase. Connected by corridors, each of the five separate spheres is enclosed in a protective skin composed of specially developed plastic.

The Moonbase controller's central sphere provides the launch and docking facilities for ferry ships between the Moon and Earth. A spaceship lands on or lifts off from vertical ramps.

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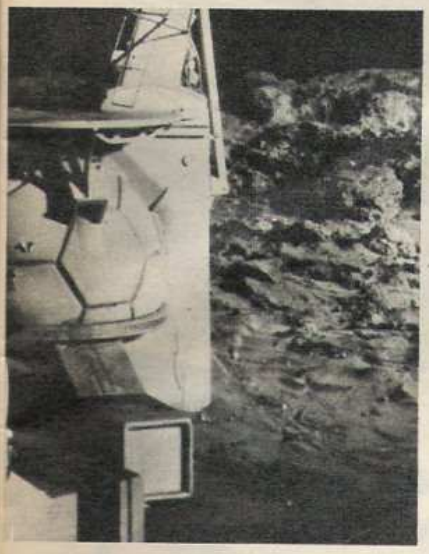

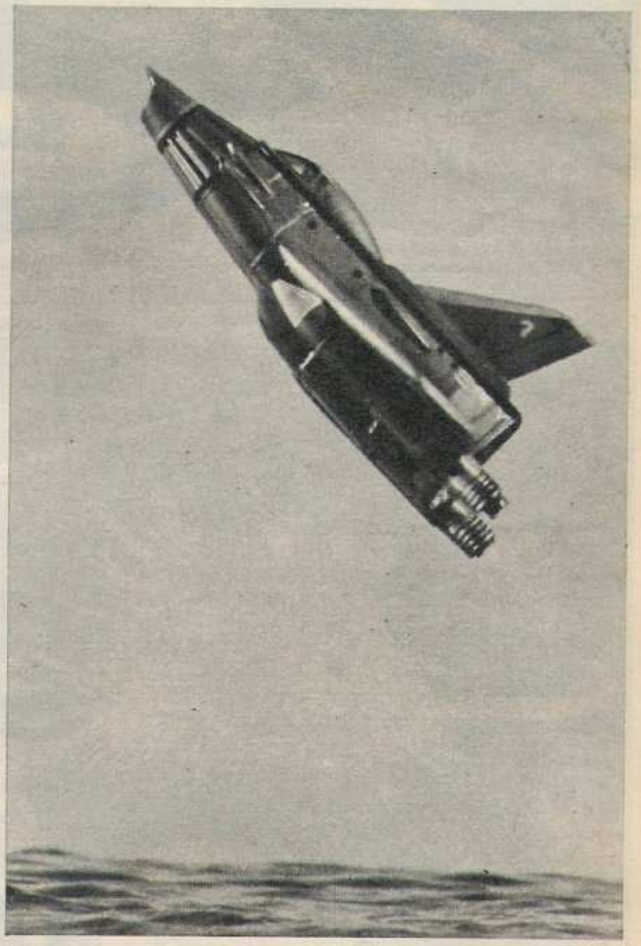

**After the vessel has raced underwater to a pre-determined position in response to a SHADO alert, Sky 1 detaches itself from the main body of the craft and shoots up through the water and out of the sea just like a Polaris missile.**

**And yet . . . alien intruders from Outer Space have still managed to pierce Earth defences. What is their sinister mission? Why has one never been captured? What is the source of their incredible power? These are the questions that Colonel Straker has pledged himself to answer—and the answer may be one that even SHADO has not thought of!**

Follow the staggering adventures of Ed Straker and the **SHADO** organisation in **U F O**
**every week in Countdown**

Gerry Anderson's UFO

# THE ALIEN TOTEM

SITUATED AT A MATHEMATICALLY FORMULATED POINT BETWEEN EARTH AND THE MOON, S.I.D., SHADO'S SPACE INTRUDER DETECTOR, DRONED OUT ITS DEADLY COMPUTED WARNING...

RED ALERT- UFO 468-597 GREEN!

INSTANTLY, THE MOONBASE CONTROLLERS ORDER THE INTERCEPTORS TO LAUNCH POSITIONS...

MOVING AT INCREDIBLE SPEED, THE ALIEN CRAFT HURTLES TOWARDS THE EARTH...

S.I.D. GIVES THE ORDERS TO FIRE MISSILES...

ONE CHANCE IS ALL THE INTERCEPTORS GET. NEXT SECOND, THE UFO IS OUT OF RANGE AND BATTLING WITH THE DENSITY OF EARTH'S UPPER ATMOSPHERE...

IN SHADO H.Q., COMMANDER STRAKER IS KEPT INFORMED...

UFO IS THROUGH MOON'S DEFENCES, COMMANDER...

WHAT'S THE E.T.T.?

ESTIMATED TRAJECTORY TERMINATION... SOUTHERN UNITED STATES...

SKYDIVER IS IN THE WESTERN ATLANTIC... ALERT CAPTAIN KARLIN...

SKYDIVER... SHADO'S FIRST LINE OF EARTH DEFENCE. PETER KARLIN PREPARES TO ACT...

LAUNCH SKY 1... UFO APPROACHING YOUR AREA... FIFTEEN SECONDS...

ROGER, CONTROL

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DETACHING FROM THE BOWS OF THE SUBMARINE, SKY 1 SHOOTS INTO THE AIR...
THE TWO CRAFT CLOSE THE GAP...
RANGE... 294 AND CLOSING. FIRING MISSILE... NOW!
SKY
SKY 1 TO CONTROL. UFO DAMAGED. DESTRUCTION NEGATIVE. SHE'S HEADING AWAY FROM MY POSITION AT INCREASED SPEED.
GET AFTER IT, CAPTAIN... IF IT'S BEEN HIT WE STAND A CHANCE OF MAKING A RECOVERY...
IN THE ATMOSPHERE, THE UFO IS REDUCED TO CONVENTIONAL SPEED, AND SKY 1 IS ABLE TO KEEP PACE... UNTIL...
I HAVE TO BREAK OFF PURSUIT... MY FUEL IS CLOSE TO DANGER ZONE...
ROGER, SKY 1. I'LL ALERT GROUND OBSERVERS...
RETURNING TO REFUELLING BASE...
WITH A SHADO MOBILE ABOARD, THE GREAT TRANSPORT LIFTS OFF...
TAKE JEFFERSON WITH YOU. THAT JUNGLE IS UNEXPLORED... HE KNOWS THE INDIAN LINGO IN THOSE PARTS... AND BE CAREFUL. THE NATIVES ARE FAR FROM FRIENDLY!
THREE HOURS LATER, THE RADAR AND VISUAL SHADOWING OF THE UFO CEASE. ED STRAKER PLANS HIS NEXT MOVE...
THAT UFO CAME DOWN SOMEWHERE IN THE BRAZILIAN JUNGLE. IT OBVIOUSLY CRASH-LANDED, BUT THERE MIGHT BE A CHANCE OF RECOVERING THE SHIP INTACT.
I'LL TAKE THE MOBILE TRANSPORTER AND CHECK THE AREA...
SHOULDN'T THINK WE'LL HAVE MUCH TROUBLE WITH THEM. THE UFO MUST HAVE SCARED THE WITS OUT OF THEM!

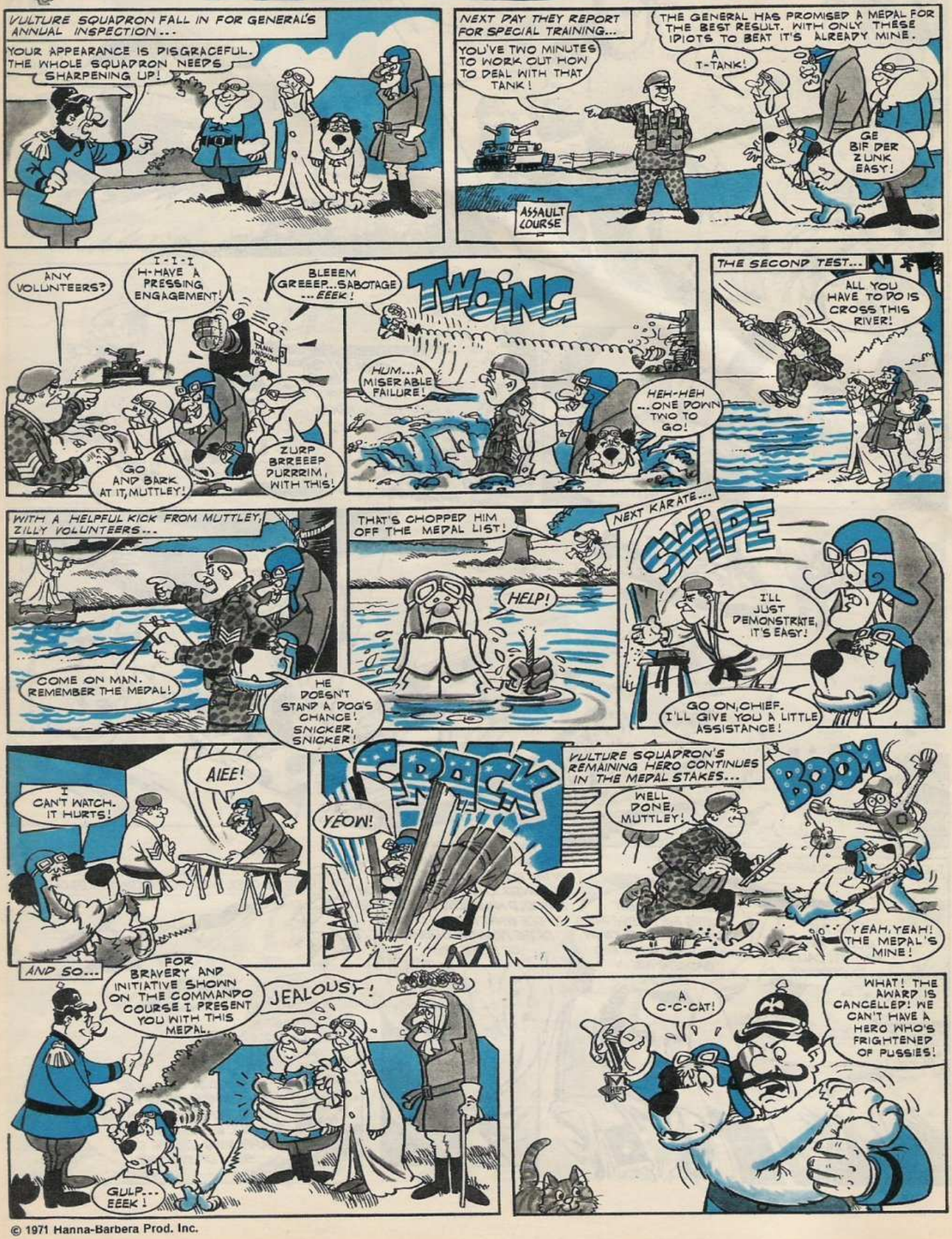
DAWN IS BREAKING WHEN THE SHADAIR CRAFT SWOOPS IN OVER THE THICK JUNGLE...
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, JEFFERSON. THIS WAS THE UFO'S LAST RECORDED POSITION...
ERIC JEFFERSON IS ONE OF THE SPECIALISTS ATTACHED TO SHADO'S WORK FORCE. HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE AREA IS ESSENTIAL TO THE MISSION...
PAUL... THERE'S A BREAK IN THE TREES AHEAD... COULD BE SOMETHING.
A CRASH TRAIL... THAT'S IT, ERIC!
THEY ARE FORCED TO FLY FIVE MILES FROM THE CRASH LOCATION...
THEN...
I SEE THE UFO, PAUL...
YES... BUT IT'S TOO DENSE TO LAND EVEN ON THE HOVER JETS... I'LL HAVE TO FIND A CLEARING.
GUESS THE MOBILE WILL GET THROUGH THIS STUFF OKAY...
YES, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL. I DOUBT IF THE INHABITANTS OF THIS AREA HAVE EVER SEEN A SO-CALLED CIVILISED MAN!
THE MOBILE RUMBLES OUT OF THE AIRCRAFT AND THROUGH THE FOREST...
THIS STUFF IS GETTING THICKER! WE CAN'T GO ON MUCH FARTHER...
PAUL... LOOK THERE! NATIVE WARNING SIGNS!..
THE FOREST THAT HAS HALTED THE MARCH OF CIVILISATION FOR CENTURIES FINALLY TRIUMPHS OVER TECHNOLOGY...
NO, PAUL... NOT THAT WAY! THE INDIANS ARE WATCHING US!
CUT IT OUT, JEFFERSON. WE'RE NOT PLAYING GAMES! THAT UFO IS HALF A MILE AWAY. NO NATIVE MUMBO JUMBO IS GOING TO STOP ME GETTING TO IT!

WITH DIFFICULTY AND APPREHENSION, THEY REACH THE CRASHED CRAFT...
WE MADE IT! COME ON, JEFFERSON... MAYBE THE ALIEN IS STILL INSIDE.
THEN FOSTER COMES TO AN ABRUPT HALT...
WHAT IS IT?
IT'S GLOWING... THAT'S THE DESTRUCT SIGNAL! RUN, JEFFERSON... GET TO COVER... FAST!
NEXT SECOND...
THEN DANGER THREATENS FROM A NEW QUARTER...
RUN, FOSTER... YOUR GUN WON'T STOP THEM ALL, AND THEY'RE AFTER OUR BLOOD!
THEY'VE DONE IT AGAIN! SOMEHOW THE ALIENS HAVE BUILT WARNING SYSTEMS INTO THEIR SHIPS. EVERY TIME WE GET ANYWHERE NEAR THEM, THEY EXPLODE!
SAFETY AT LAST...
THOSE NATIVES MUST HAVE BEEN AROUND THAT CLEARING WHEN WE ARRIVED...
YES, AND SOMETHING ELSE, PAUL. THEY WERE DRESSED UP FOR SOME SORT OF CELEBRATION. THEY ONLY GET DOLLED UP LIKE THAT WHEN THEY WORSHIP THEIR GODS...
YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THEY'VE GOT THE ALIEN PILOT, DO YOU? COULD THEY TAKE HIM FOR A GOD?
IT'S POSSIBLE. THAT UFO MUST HAVE CAUSED QUITE A STIR WHEN IT CAME DOWN... AND THE ALIEN HELMET AND OUTFIT... YES, I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, PAUL.
WE'VE GOT TO CHECK IT OUT, JEFFERSON. IF THE INDIANS HAVE THE ALIEN, WE STAND A CHANCE OF CAPTURING HIM...
THESE PRIMITIVES WON'T STAND BY AND WATCH YOU TAKE HIM...
CAN'T HELP THAT! WE'RE EQUIPPED WITH SOME OF THE MOST MODERN MACHINERY EVER DEVELOPED. HOW CAN THEY STAND IN OUR WAY?
FOSTER DIRECTS THE MOBILE TOWARDS THE INDIAN CAMP...
LOOK... THOSE GUARDS! THE ALIEN MUST BE IN THERE!
YES... THE CEREMONIAL TOTEM'S OUTSIDE... IT'S A PLACE OF HONOUR. BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET INTO THE HUT? WE'RE OKAY AS LONG AS WE STAY IN THE MOBILE...

LISTEN! I'M GOING TO CHARGE THIS VEHICLE STRAIGHT AT THOSE GUARDS AND THEN, AT THE LAST MINUTE, WE'LL GET INTO THE HUT. WE'LL HAVE THAT ALIEN BEFORE THESE FELLOWS CAN THINK!
THE NATIVE GUARDS HOLD THEIR GROUND...
COME ON, JEFFERSON... WE'LL HAVE TO RESORT TO VIOLENCE!
THE OTHERS ARE COMING BACK...
WE'LL DEAL WITH THEM WHEN WE'VE GOT THAT ALIEN. COME ON!
THEY ENTER THE HUT, AND...
FOSTER, LOOK! THAT'S YOUR ALIEN! THAT'S THE INDIAN GOD!
THAT UFO WAS REMOTE CONTROLLED. THE ALIENS SENT THIS MACHINE IN THE CRAFT... PROBABLY TO RELAY INFORMATION BACK TO THEIR PLANET.
BUT HOW? WHAT INFORMATION?
I DON'T KNOW... THAT WILL BE UP TO THE SHADO LAB BOYS TO FIND OUT. BUT WE'RE TAKING IT BACK WITH US, JEFFERSON-INDIANS OR NO INDIANS!
SUDDENLY...
IT'S GLOWING... LIKE THE UFO! THE ALIEN DEFENSE MECHANISM IS OPERATING AGAIN.
WILL IT EXPLODE?

AS SURE AS EGGS ARE EGGS. COME ON - WE'VE GOT TO GET IT CLEAR OF THE VILLAGE BEFORE IT BLOWS THESE HOT-HEADS INTO SPACE!
ONCE AGAIN THE INDIANS FALL BACK, UNABLE TO COMPREHEND THE ROARING MACHINE...
ISN'T THIS FAR ENOUGH?
NOT YET... WE'RE STILL TOO CLOSE TO THE VILLAGE...
NOW, FOSTER... GET RID OF IT!
RIGHT... OPEN THE WINDOW...
NEXT SECOND...
PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
THEY RETURN TO THE TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT...
GET THE MOBILE ABOARD, ERIC... I'LL CALL IN TO STRAKER.
SORRY, ED... WE TRIED, BUT I GUESS THE ALIENS ARE SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW WHEN THEIR SHIPS AND GADGETS ARE IN DANGER.
IN A WAY IT'S A PITY YOU DIDN'T LEAVE THE MACHINE IN THE INDIAN CAMP. IF IT WAS DESIGNED TO RELAY INFORMATION, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN INTERESTING TO SEE WHAT THE ALIENS MADE OF THE PRIMITIVE CEREMONIES OF THOSE FOLK.
MISSION OVER, THE SHADAIR CRAFT TAKES OFF...
GUESS WE FAILED, PAUL...
NOT REALLY, JEFFERSON. YOU CAN BE CERTAIN THAT MACHINE WAS SENT HERE TO CAUSE SOME SORT OF TROUBLE. WE PREVENTED IT HAPPENING - THAT'S SOME SORT OF SUCCESS!

# DASTARDLY AND MUTTLEY


VULTURE SQUADRON FALL IN FOR GENERAL'S ANNUAL INSPECTION...
YOUR APPEARANCE IS DISGRACEFUL. THE WHOLE SQUADRON NEEDS SHARPENING UP!
NEXT DAY THEY REPORT FOR SPECIAL TRAINING...
THE GENERAL HAS PROMISED A MEDAL FOR THE BEST RESULT. WITH ONLY THESE IDIOTS TO BEAT IT'S ALREADY MINE.
YOU'VE TWO MINUTES TO WORK OUT HOW TO DEAL WITH THAT TANK!
A T-TANK!
GE BIF DER ZUNK EASY!
ASSAULT COURSE
ANY VOLUNTEERS?
I-I-I H-HAVE A PRESSING ENGAGEMENT!
BLEEEM GREEEP...SABOTAGE ...EEEK!
TWOING
HUM...A MISERABLE FAILURE!
HEH-HEH ...ONE DOWN TWO TO GO!
GO AND BARK AT IT, MUTTLEY!
ZURP BRREEEP DURRRIM, WITH THIS!
THE SECOND TEST...
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CROSS THIS RIVER!
WITH A HELPFUL KICK FROM MUTTLEY, ZILLY VOLUNTEERS...
COME ON MAN. REMEMBER THE MEDAL!
HE DOESN'T STAND A DOG'S CHANCE! SNICKER, SNICKER!
THAT'S CHOPPED HIM OFF THE MEDAL LIST!
HELP!
NEXT KARATE...
SWIPE
I'LL JUST DEMONSTRATE, IT'S EASY!
GO ON, CHIEF. I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE ASSISTANCE!
I CAN'T WATCH. IT HURTS!
AIEE!
CRACK
YEOW!
VULTURE SQUADRON'S REMAINING HERO CONTINUES IN THE MEDAL STAKES...
BOOM
WELL DONE, MUTTLEY!
YEAH, YEAH! THE MEDAL'S MINE!
AND SO...
FOR BRAVERY AND INITIATIVE SHOWN ON THE COMMANDO COURSE I PRESENT YOU WITH THIS MEDAL.
JEALOUSY!
GULP... EEEK!
A C-C-CAT!
WHAT! THE AWARD IS CANCELLED! WE CAN'T HAVE A HERO WHO'S FRIGHTENED OF PUSSIES!

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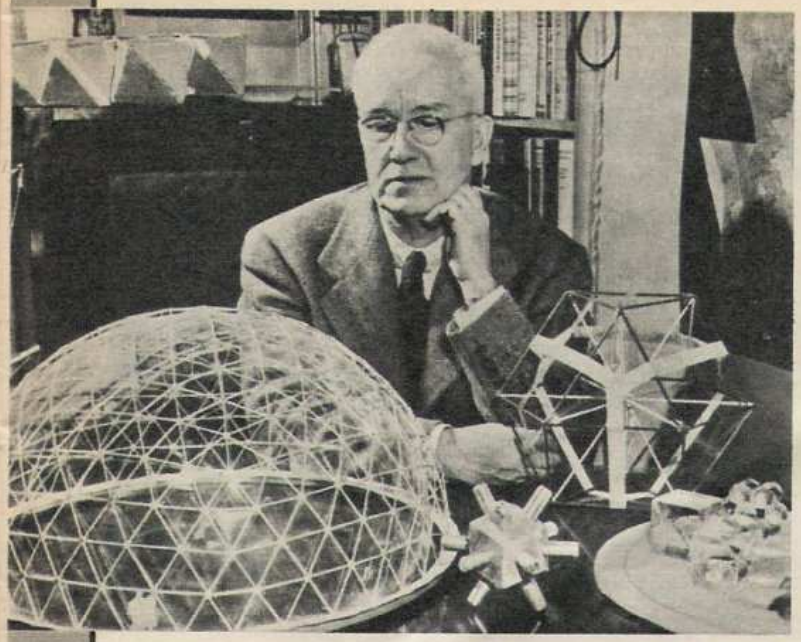


The modern Leonardo da Vinci—Buckminster Fuller with models of his famous geodesic domes. This structure, which will form a hangar for three helicopters, is lifted by one of the helicopters.

# LOOK—NO BRICKS!

THE man who has just won America's top architectural award is a bouncing 74-year-old inventor and mathematician who has been called the Leonardo da Vinci of our times. His name is Buckminster Fuller, and he has achieved fame through the design of the geodesic dome—the most utilitarian, economic and adaptable building form there is.

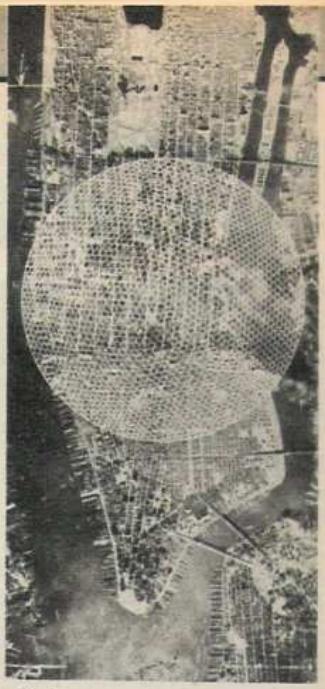
Back in 1929, the very Institute which has just honoured him, and which represents most of America's leading architects, rejected the idea he had just patented—for the revolutionary prefabricated house. Now, by giving him the 1970 gold medal and making him an honorary member for life, the Institute has acknowledged his dynamic, go-ahead thinking, which could well change the face of our cities in the future.

The geodesic dome is basically a sphere made up of tetrahedrons (pyramid shapes with four sides—including the base). The design principle rests on two mathematical truths: that, of all geometrical forms, the sphere encloses the most space with the least surface and is strongest against internal pressure; that the tetrahedron encloses the least space and best withstands external pressure. By this means, design—and not weight—gives the dome its incredible strength.

Buckminster Fuller's domes can cover any amount of space without beams or pillars. The skeleton can be made of almost anything (even paper) to almost any size, and can be used for almost any purpose. Every year scores of new domes mushroom all over the world—including geodesic factories, restaurants, homes, cotton mills, concert halls and round houses.

At the Expo 70 exhibition in Osaka, Japan, the United States pavilion was a geodesic dome supported by air. The super-elliptical enclosure, measuring 274 feet by 465 feet, was the largest clear span, air-supported roof ever built, and was guaranteed to withstand earthquakes and 125 m.p.h. typhoon winds. The structure was really a kind of giant balloon as, since the development of such modern materials as polymers, it has been possible to fabricate a structural skin light enough, yet strong enough, to remain inflated by giant blowers which maintain a pressure differential within the huge dome.

A geodesic dome of this size, two miles in diameter, could enclose a large part of New York City. The total weight of the dome would be about 80,000 tons.



Buckminster Fuller's most colossal project is now under way in Japan—a mile-high pyramidal city designed to accommodate a million people floating at anchor in Tokyo Bay. He envisages a slanting, terraced face for the huge city, the dwelling units for which will be mass-produced and raised and lowered to and from the terraces.

"It will be a tetrahedronal city," Buckminster Fuller says, with an enthusiasm that has enthralled lecture audiences all over the world. "It will grow like a crystal, cellularly, with little tetrahedrons on top of the bigger ones, all forming an organic whole."

He visualises the city as being atomic-powered, the power plant utilising waste to generate the energy to drive the desalinisation plant, and the desalinisation plant producing the energy for electricity, which will therefore be cheap.

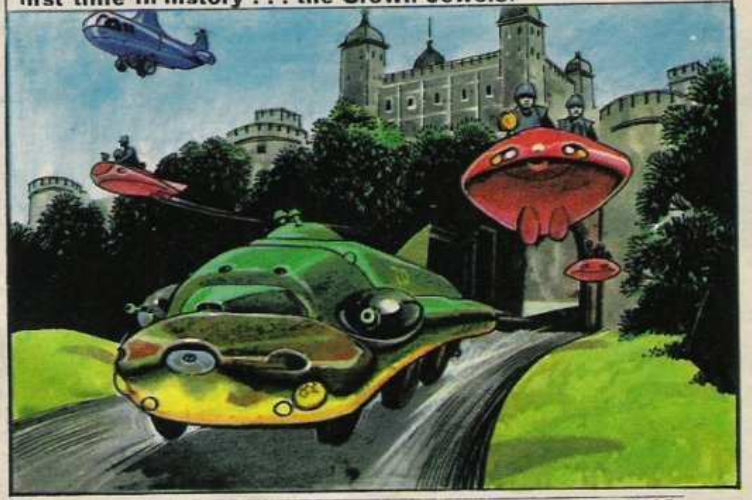
With such ideas, no wonder one exhausted interviewer wrote: "Just an hour with Buckminster Fuller is as unforgettable as a first parachute jump or being under fire."

Geniuses usually set too hot a pace for most of us to keep up with—but the attempt to match Buckminster Fuller's strides is certainly going to be exciting.

The aluminium dome enclosing the American Society of Metals Headquarters in Ohio is symbolic and has no outer skin. The 145-foot geodesic dome of Kaiser Aluminium was erected in 22 hours.

# STINGRAY

Britain's greatest treasure is about to leave Britain for the first time in history . . . the Crown Jewels!



IN THE ESCORTING POLICE HELICOPTER, MATT DOBSON, ORGANISER OF THE 2066 WORLD FAIR IN CANBERRA, CHECKS HIS SCHEDULE WITH SUPERINTENDENT HODGES OF SCOTLAND YARD.

ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES AND WE REACH THE AIRPORT... SO FAR SO GOOD, MR. DOBSON.
I MUST ADMIT YOU BRITISH POLICEMEN KNOW HOW TO ORGANISE THINGS. I ONLY HOPE MY ARRANGEMENTS GO SO SMOOTHLY...

THE CONVOY SCREAMS THROUGH CENTRAL LONDON— DESTINATION LONDON AIRPORT...

LONDON AIRPORT...

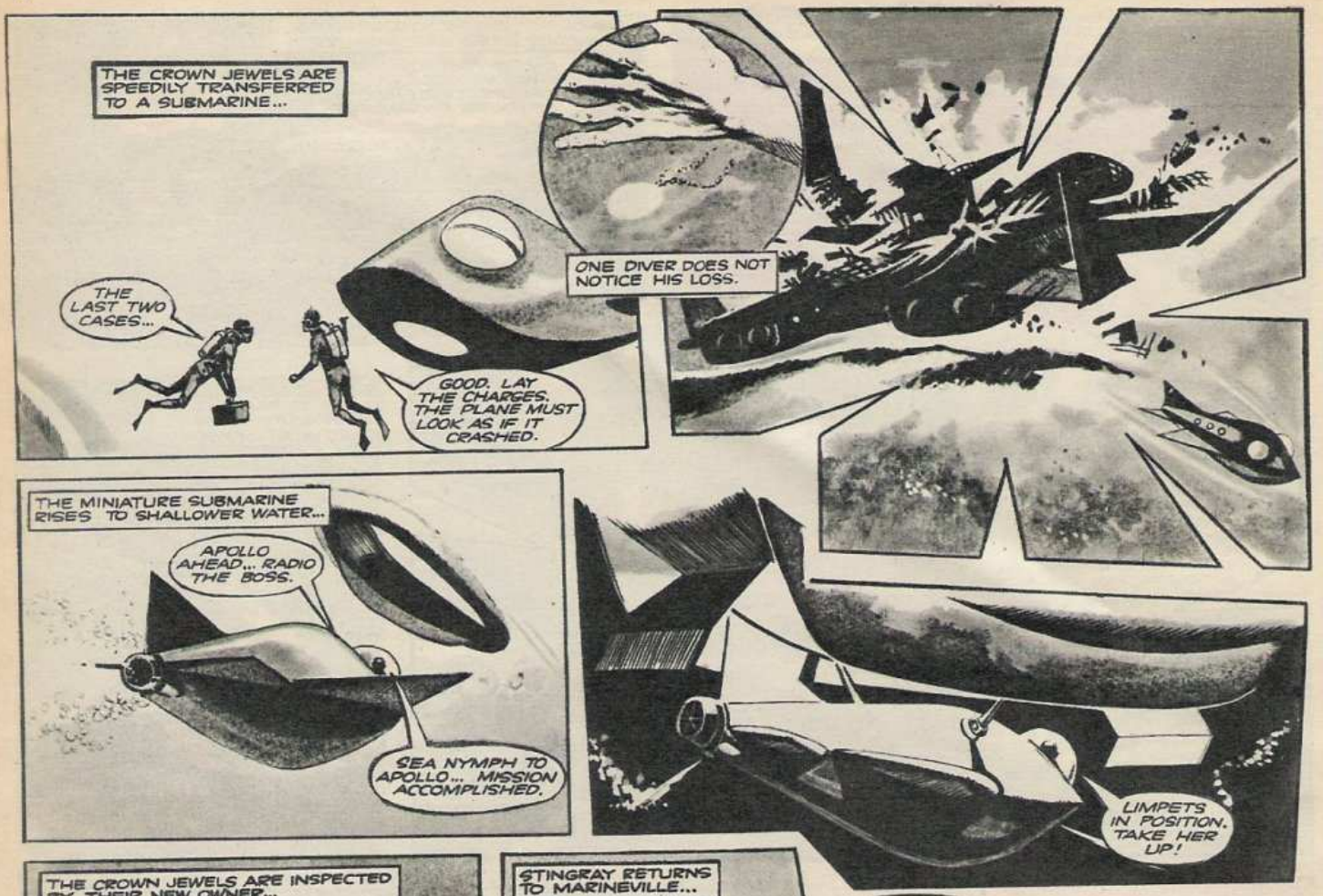
WELL, GOOD LUCK, MR. DOBSON. YOU SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH IN THAT FLYING BATTLESHIP UNTIL YOU REACH CANBERRA.
I'M ASSURED IT'S THE WORLD AIR FORCE'S FASTEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PLANE... THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, SUPERINTENDENT.

POWERFUL ENGINES SCREAM AT MAXIMUM THRUST AND THE WOMBAT THUNDERS INTO THE AIR... FIRST STOP CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA...

70,000 FEET OVER THE CENTRAL PACIFIC...

IT'S BEEN A SMOOTH JOURNEY UP TILL NOW, CAPTAIN... HOW SOON WILL WE REACH CANBERRA?
ACTION
FORTY-FIVE MINUTES SHOULD DO IT. HELLO, WE SEEM TO BE RUNNING INTO SOME CLOUD. THAT'S UNUSUAL.
EXCUSE ME, SIR. THE SECOND OFFICER SAYS CAN HE HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?

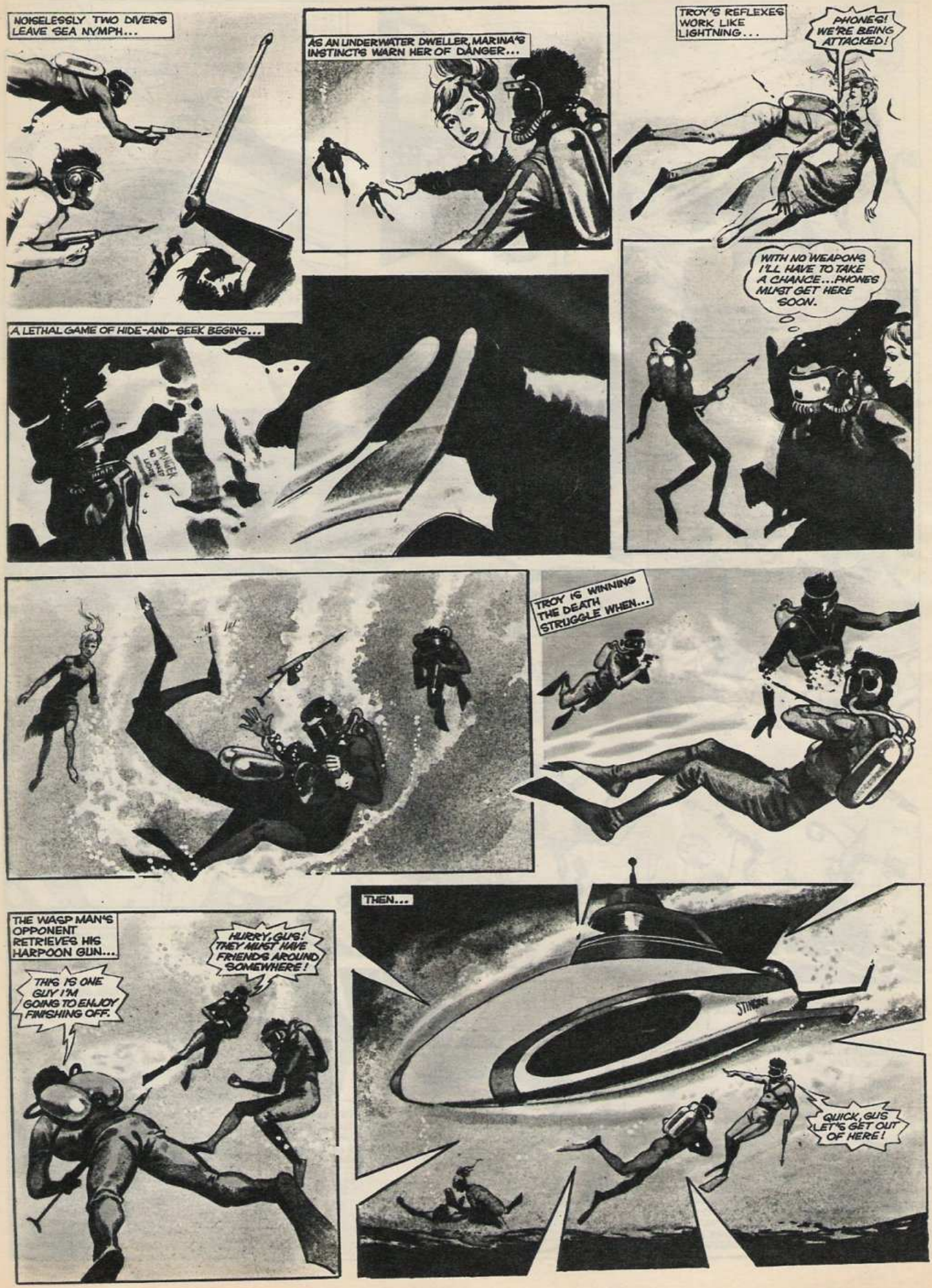
... THE SOUND BEGINS IN A WHISPER, BUT SOON THE WHOLE PLANE IS ENGULFED IN AN EAR-SPLITTING ROAR...
SECONDS PASS AND THE NOISE DIES DOWN... BUT ANOTHER SOUND TAKES ITS PLACE...
CAPTAIN PEARSON! YOU WILL NOW FOLLOW MY ORDERS COMPLETELY. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
I UNDERSTAND.
MINUTES LATER, THE WOMBAT HITS THE BLUE SURFACE OF THE PACIFIC...
AS SOON AS THE AIRCRAFT IS STATIONARY YOU AND YOUR CREW WILL ABANDON SHIP. WHEN YOU ARE RESCUED YOU WILL WAKE UP AND YOU WILL REMEMBER NOTHING OF THIS.
VERY WELL.
ON A ROUTINE PATROL TEN MILES SOUTH, STINGRAY PICKS UP AN EMERGENCY CALL...
WORLD AIR FORCE HAVE LOST CONTACT WITH A WOMBAT IN YOUR AREA, TROY. MAKE A SEARCH!
RIGHT, COMMANDER. OKAY, PHONES, TAKE HER UP.
ANY SIGNALS, PHONES?
NOTHING YET, TROY... WHAT IS IT, MARINA?
YEAH... I THINK I CAN SEE SOMETHING TOO, PHONES, A SORT OF SPECK IN THE OCEAN.
AND SOON...
THAT'S ODD, PHONES... THEY MUST HAVE SEEN US. WHY DIDN'T THEY FIRE THEIR DISTRESS ROCKETS?
THE EMERGENCY RADIO BEACON ISN'T SWITCHED ON EITHER...
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THESE GUYS? THEY DON'T SEEM TO BE IN A HURRY TO MOVE. GUESS I'D BETTER OPEN UP FOR THEM...
UNKNOWINGLY TROY BREAKS THE TRANCE...
ARE YOU GUYS OKAY? WHY IT'S TONY HOLLAND
WHAT? WHERE ARE WE?
WHAT HAPPENED?
ER... I CAN'T REMEMBER... WE WERE TAKING THE CROWN JEWELS TO AUSTRALIA... THE CROWN JEWELS!
AT THAT MOMENT, SOME MILES AWAY AT THE SUNKEN WOMBAT...


THE CROWN JEWELS ARE SPEEDILY TRANSFERRED TO A SUBMARINE...
THE LAST TWO CASES...
GOOD. LAY THE CHARGES. THE PLANE MUST LOOK AS IF IT CRASHED.
ONE DIVER DOES NOT NOTICE HIS LOSS.
THE MINIATURE SUBMARINE RISES TO SHALLOWER WATER...
APOLLO AHEAD... RADIO THE BOSS.
SEA NYMPH TO APOLLO... MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.
LIMPETS IN POSITION. TAKE HER UP!

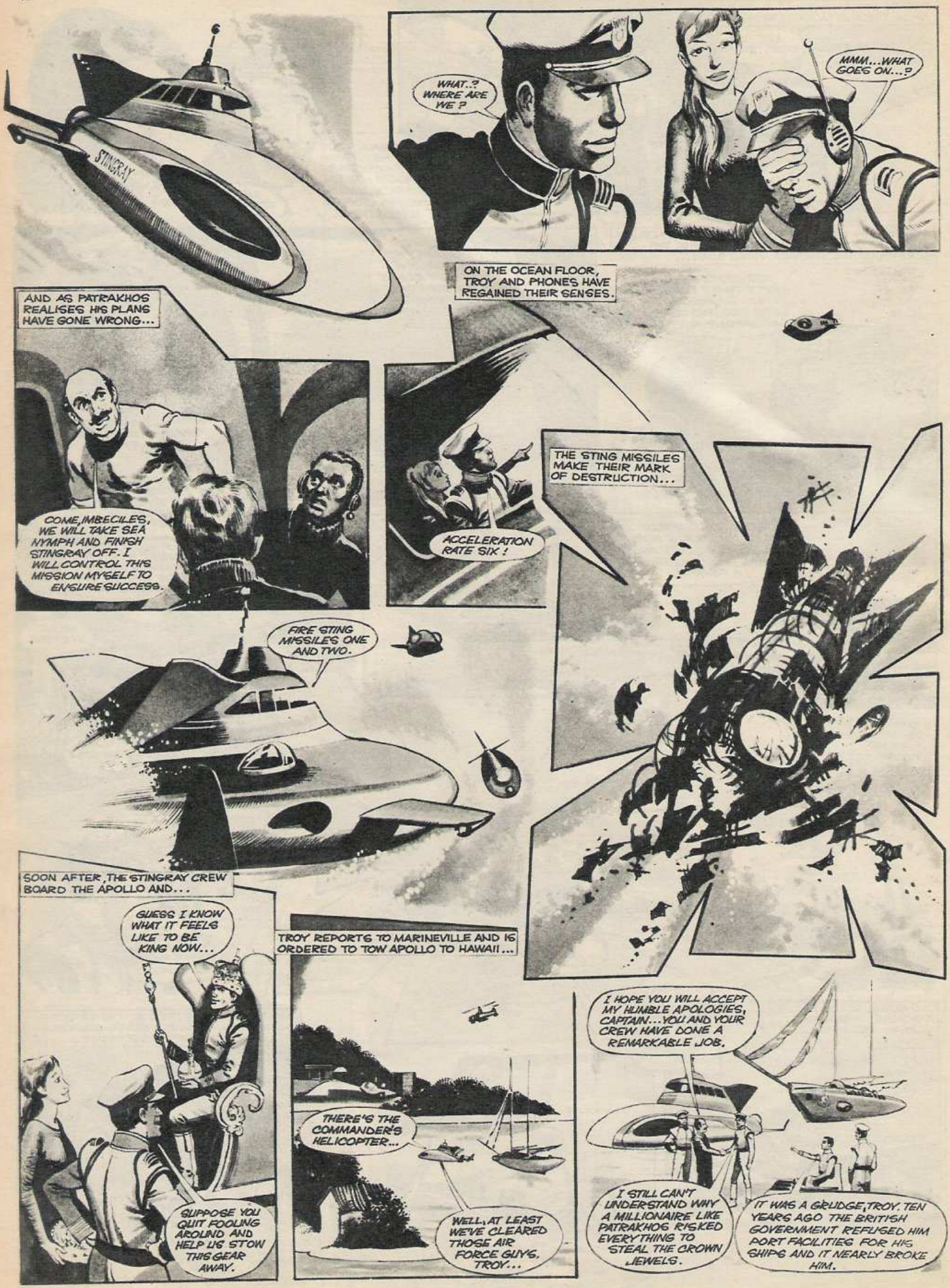
THE CROWN JEWELS ARE INSPECTED BY THEIR NEW OWNER...
THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT HAVE PAID DEARLY FOR SNUBBING ME...
STINGRAY RETURNS TO MARINEVILLE...
ENTERING OCEAN DOOR!
BRING THAT AIR CREW TO REPORT TO ME IMMEDIATELY.
THE POLICE ARE WITH FATHER, TROY. HE WANTS TO SEE YOU FIRST!
THANKS, ATLANTA.

AT EASE, TEMPEST. THIS IS INSPECTOR CONNETTI OF INTERPOL. HE WANTS SOME ANSWERS ABOUT THOSE GUYS YOU PICKED UP.
HOW DID THEIR AIRCRAFT CRASH, CAPTAIN?
IT'S ALL KINDA STRANGE. WHEN WE FISHED THEM OUT OF THE SEA THEY WERE DAZED... AS IF WE'D WOKEN THEM UP...
ALL THEY REMEMBER IS FLYING INTO A DENSE PINK CLOUD.
A PINK CLOUD? STRANGE— YOU WOULD EXPECT MEN WHO LOSE THE CROWN JEWELS TO HAVE A BETTER EXPLANATION THAN THAT!

BUT SURELY THESE MEN ARE ABOVE SUSPICION!
WHEN IT'S A MATTER OF MONEY, CAPITANO... NO-ONE'S ABOVE SUSPICION. NOW, IF YOU'LL LEAVE ME, I'LL QUESTION THEM IN PRIVATE!
I WAS AT ACADEMY WITH TONY HOLLAND, COMMANDER — HE'S NO CROOK.
THERE'S SOMETHING ODD ABOUT THIS WHOLE BUSINESS, TROY. FIND THAT WOMBAT AND WE MIGHT START FINDING SOME ANSWERS.
THE SEARCH GETS UNDERWAY...
ANYTHING ON HYDROPHONES, PHONES?
I'M NOT SURE...
YEAH, I'VE GOT SOMETHING. A SERIES OF SMALL SIGNALS. NOT LOUD ENOUGH FOR A SUBMERGED AIRCRAFT, BUT...
LET'S CHECK IT OUT!
THERE SHE IS, TROY...
WOW — WHAT A WRECK! LET'S TAKE A LOOK, MARINA.
HELLO, MARINA'S SPOTTED SOMETHING... LOOKS LIKE A MEDAL!
I WONDER WHO LOST THIS!
STILL BUSILY COMBING THE WRECK, TROY AND MARINA DO NOT SEE SEA NYMPH APPROACH...
THIS METAL HAS BEEN CUT BY A LASER TORCH.
MEANWHILE THE MEDALLION'S OWNER HAS DISCOVERED HIS LOSS...
IT MAY HAVE DROPPED NEAR THE AIRCRAFT.
YOU IMBECILE... WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE A VISITING CARD? I'M NOT HAVING TEN YEARS OF MY PLANNING RUINED... GO AND GET IT BACK.
AND SOON...
SUPPOSING SOMEONE HAS ALREADY FOUND THE WRECK, GUS?
THEY'RE GOING TO BE VERY UNFORTUNATE PEOPLE. WE SHALL HAVE TO DEAL WITH THEM.


NOISELESSLY TWO DIVERS LEAVE SEA NYMPH...
AS AN UNDERWATER DWELLER, MARINA'S INSTINCTS WARN HER OF DANGER...
TROY'S REFLEXES WORK LIKE LIGHTNING...
PHONES! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!
A LETHAL GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK BEGINS...
WITH NO WEAPONS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE...PHONES MUST GET HERE SOON.
TROY IS WINNING THE DEATH STRUGGLE WHEN...
THE WASP MAN'S OPPONENT RETRIEVES HIS HARPOON GUN...
HURRY, GUS! THEY MUST HAVE FRIENDS AROUND SOMEWHERE!
THIS IS ONE GUY I'M GOING TO ENJOY FINISHING OFF.
THEN...
STINGRAY
QUICK, GUS LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

PHONES PICKS UP TROY AND MARINA WHILE THEIR ATTACKERS ESCAPE...
ARE YOU OKAY, TROY?
YEAH...THEY'VE ONLY CREASED ME... DON'T WASTE TIME, PHONES...GET AFTER THOSE GUYS.
THE SIGNALS ARE VERY WEAK, TROY. THEY SEEM TO BE HEADING FOR THE SURFACE...NOW THEY'VE STOPPED ALTOGETHER.
LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN SEE ON THE S.V.S.
A TELEVISION CAMERA FLOATS TO THE SURFACE AND SOON THE STINGRAY CREW ARE COMBING THE SCREEN OF THE SURFACE VIDEO SCAN...
THERE, PHONES... WHAT'S THAT? TURN ON FULL ENLARGEMENT. LET'S SEE WHO OUR NEIGHBOUR IS.
WELL, THAT'S CERTAINLY NOT A SUBMARINE... IT'S NOT REALLY THE SORT OF CRAFT WE'RE LOOKING FOR.
I'M NOT SO SURE, PHONES. THAT FIGURE PAINTED ON THE BOWS...IT'S ALMOST IDENTICAL TO THE ONE ON THE MEDALLION MARINA FOUND!
SECONDS LATER...
STINGRAY TO APOLLO... HEAVE TO! WE ARE WORLD AQUANAUT SECURITY AND ARE COMING ON BOARD TO MAKE A SEARCH.
IF YOU FOOLS HADN'T BUNGLED THINGS, I WOULDN'T HAVE TO DEAL WITH STINGRAY NOW.
VESSEL IN RANGE.
GAS CAPSULE FIRED.
A SMALL PROJECTILE WHISTLES LOUDLY OVER STINGRAY...
... AND EXPLODES IN A DENSE PURPLE CLOUD...
HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
THAT NOISE..?
THE SOUND BUILDS UP INTO A FANTASTIC, UNBEARABLE SCREAM...
F-FLOOD...Q...
I-I CAN'T... TROY... I CAN'T MOVE...
MARINA IS UNAFFECTED BY THE TRANCE-INDUCING SCREAM AND MOVES QUICKLY TO CARRY OUT TROY'S LAST ORDER...
CAPTAIN, ARE YOU LISTENING...?


STINGRAY
WHAT..? WHERE ARE WE ?
MMM...WHAT GOES ON...?
ON THE OCEAN FLOOR, TROY AND PHONES HAVE REGAINED THEIR SENSES.
AND AS PATRAKHOS REALISES HIS PLANS HAVE GONE WRONG...
COME, IMBECILES, WE WILL TAKE SEA NYMPH AND FINISH STINGRAY OFF. I WILL CONTROL THIS MISSION MYSELF TO ENSURE SUCCESS.
ACCELERATION RATE SIX !
THE STING MISSILES MAKE THEIR MARK OF DESTRUCTION...
FIRE STING MISSILES ONE AND TWO.
SOON AFTER, THE STINGRAY CREW BOARD THE APOLLO AND...
GUESS I KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE KING NOW...
SUPPOSE YOU QUIT FOOLING AROUND AND HELP US STOW THIS GEAR AWAY.
TROY REPORTS TO MARINEVILLE AND IS ORDERED TO TOW APOLLO TO HAWAII...
THERE'S THE COMMANDER'S HELICOPTER...
WELL, AT LEAST WE'VE CLEARED THOSE AIR FORCE GUYS, TROY...
I HOPE YOU WILL ACCEPT MY HUMBLE APOLOGIES, CAPTAIN...YOU AND YOUR CREW HAVE DONE A REMARKABLE JOB.
I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY A MILLIONAIRE LIKE PATRAKHOS RISKED EVERYTHING TO STEAL THE CROWN JEWELS.
IT WAS A GRUDGE, TROY. TEN YEARS AGO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT REFUSED HIM PORT FACILITIES FOR HIS SHIPS AND IT NEARLY BROKE HIM.

# Puzzle it out!

**1** P L A N T

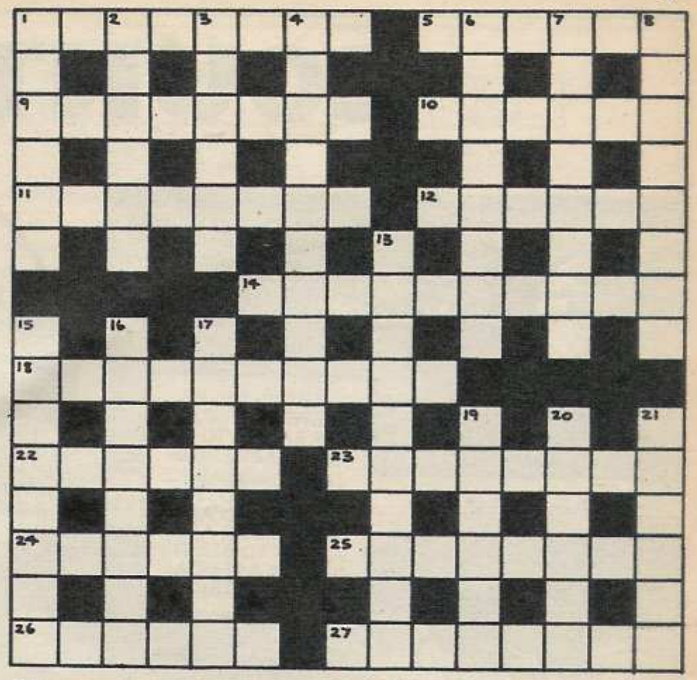
By altering one letter in each descending line, can you change Plant into a flat-fish?

**2** Here's an age-old poser that should have you scratching your head. Imagine you are walking along a road and you come to a fork, beside which there is a cottage. The cottage is lived in by two identical twins, one of whom cannot tell a lie and the other cannot tell the truth. You don't know which is which and you can only ask one question. How would you frame your question in order to take the correct fork to London?

**3** If the depth mark on a ship registered 15 ft. at noon at high tide and the water ebbed at a rate of 1 ft. per hour, what would be the water mark at 5 p.m.?

**4** ½ 1 3 6 12 24 —? Can you complete the last number in this sequence?

**5** If you had 12 pairs of black and white socks all jumbled up in a drawer in your darkened bedroom, how many socks would you have to take out to be sure of getting a pair of the same colour?



## Clues across

1. This belongs to a belt between Mars and Jupiter (8).
5. Out of breath (6).
9. Law-men of the West (8).
10. Fisherman (6).
11. Notorious Australian outlaw (3, 5).
12. Actors play on them (6).
14. A pirate (10).
18. Undelivered communication (4, 6).
22. The Red — are a famous aerobatic display team (6).
23. You can skate here (3-5).
24. Old-fashioned neckwear (6).
25. British fighter aircraft of World War II (8).
26. Tired (6).
27. Stated emphatically (8).

## Clues down

1. Say 'yes' (6).
2. Fashionable (6).
3. Attacker (6).
4. Penetrate enemy territory in small numbers (10).
6. It has to be switched on to start a car (8).
7. Pleasures (8).
8. Roy is red (anagram) (8).
13. They are used to examine the stars (10).
15. Cash loans (8).
16. It's pulled by a locomotive (8).
17. Apparatus that produces a small, strong jet of flame (4-4).
19. Twist in agony (6).
20. Maintain positively (6).
21. Climb (6).

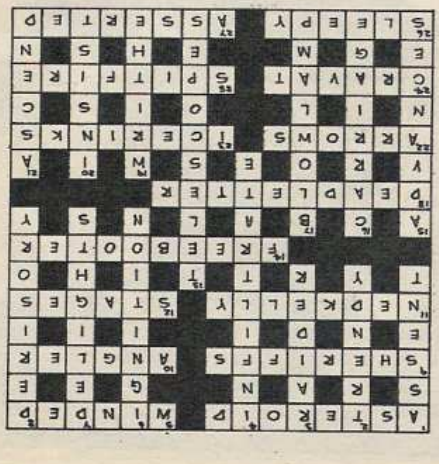
## ANSWERS

### SOLUTION to "Puzzle it out"

1. PLANT, PLANE, PLATE, SLATE, SKATE.
2. Your question would have to be phrased something like this: "If I were to ask your brother which is the correct way to London, what direction would he point in?" As you do not know whether the twin you have spoken to is the liar or the truthful one, the question would elicit from the liar the wrong direction—but it would also produce the wrong direction from the truthful one, as he would truthfully indicate the direction in which his lying brother would have pointed. So, whichever twin it is, you would take the opposite road—which would be the correct one.
3. The same—as the ship would sink with the tide.
4. 30. They are values of old coins, as follows: ¼d 1d 3d 6d 1s 2s 2s 6d.
5. Three.

### ANSWERS TO LINKWORDS

Page 21: 1—MERCURY, 2—YELLOW, 3—WASP, 4—PANDA, 5—ARROW.
Page 23: 1—SATURN, 2—NEWS, 3—SPUTNIK, 4—KNAVE, 5—ENTRY.
Page 27: 1—BULLET, 2—TORPEDO, 3—ORBIT, 4—TANK, 5—KNIGHT.
Page 29: 1—ZODIAC, 2—CRATER, 3—RUNWAY, 4—YALE, 5—EXPERT.
Page 31: 1—ENERGY, 2—YURI, 3—ICICLE, 4—EMBER, 5—RODEO.
Page 36: 1—STEAM, 2—MOTOR, 3—ROBOT, 4—TRACTOR, 5—RAZOR.
Page 40: 1—KREMLIN, 2—NORTH, 3—HARP, 4—POCKET, 5—THUMB.
Page 42: 1—CRUISER, 2—RASH, 3—HUGE, 4—ELEVATOR, 5—ROAD.
Page 38: 1—DINOSAUR, 2—ROCKET, 3—TRASH, 4—HAND, 5—DETOUR.



# COUNTDOWN

THE COUNTDOWN CREW CONTINUE THE BATTLE TO FREE EARTH FROM THE EVIL GRASP OF WILLIAM COSTRA. GRANT TWO AND FELIX FOUR ARE ABOUT TO BLAST OFF ON A SPECIAL RESCUE MISSION.
O.K., MARC. SYSTEMS CHECK COMPLETED. EVERYTHING CLEAR. READY TO GO.
RIGHT, GRANT. YOU'RE ALL CLEAR
John BURNS
IT TAKES TWO WEEKS FOR THE SMALL CRAFT TO REACH THE PRISON SATELLITE.
WELL, THAT'S IT, FELIX. WE'RE FLYING LIKE A BIRD. HOW'S OUR COURSE?
SWEET AS A BIRD, GRANT.
THERE SHE IS, GRANT.
CUT IN RETROS—STAND BY FOR LANDING.
TOUCH DOWN IN TEN SECONDS!
WE'RE DOWN! COME ON, FELIX— LET'S TAKE A LOOK ROUND!
I'LL GET THE JETMOBILES AND THE RIFLES.
KEEP ON THE ALERT, FELIX.
A DINOSAUR!
NOT VERY FRIENDLY IS IT... GRANT, LOOK!

Linkwords are formed by using the *last* letter of the first word as the *first* letter of the next. All first and last letters will fall in a numbered box when you have found the right word to interpret the clue. Answers on page 19.

## COUNTDOWN LINKWORD

1 Quicksilver planet

2 Cowardly colour

3 Stinging insect

4 Type of police car

5 Shot from a bow

IT'S EYES...I FEEL GIDDY!
BACK TO THE CONTROLS— WE'LL SCARE IT OFF WITH AN ENGINE BLAST, THEN FIND A SAFER LANDING SITE!
NO—WE MUST LEAVE THE PLANET!
YOU HEARD ME, GRANT. WE'RE LEAVING
WHAT D'YOU THINK YOU'RE PLAYING AT, FELIX?
AAAGH!
I'M GIVING THE ORDERS AROUND HERE.
AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO!
YOUR GUN IS USELESS! LEAVE YOUR SHIP—IN ONE MINUTE I WILL DESTROY IT!
SO OUR BIG FRIEND'S A ROBOT.
YOUR TIME IS RUNNING OUT!
HE OBVIOUSLY HYPNOTISED POOR OLD FELIX.

COME ON, FELIX. I THINK OUR BUDDY MEANS WHAT HE SAYS.
SECONDS LATER...
GRANT AND FELIX ONLY JUST GET CLEAR, WHEN...
NOW MOVE!
WISH I HADN'T HIT YOU SO HARD, FELIX—YOU'RE HEAVY!
STOP!
SUDDENLY—THE GROUND DESCENDS BENEATH THE HUNTER'S FEET...
SAY, WHAT IS THIS?
MORE ROBOTS. WHAT NOW, I WONDER?
COME THIS WAY, PLEASE!
FELIX IS SOON FULLY RECOVERED...
IS THIS SOME NIGHTMARE, GRANT?
NO, FELIX. JUST A FEW OF COSTRA'S TOYS PUT HERE TO LOOK AFTER PRESIDENT RUSSELL.
ENTER! YOU WILL STAY HERE UNTIL A PARENT SHIP ARRIVES TO TAKE YOU TO OUR MASTER'S PLANET!
THEN THEY ARE LEFT ALONE IN THE GLASS CELL...
IT'S LIKE AN ARMS DUMP HERE!
WE'LL HAVE TO GET AWAY BEFORE THAT SHIP ARRIVES OR THEY COULD TRACE COUNTDOWN.
SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE SHADOWS...
SAVE YOUR ENERGY, FRIEND. COSTRA HAS THIS PLACE TOO WELL POLICED.

## COUNTDOWN LINKWORD

Linkwords are formed by using the *last* letter of the first word as the *first* letter of the next. All first and last letters will fall in a numbered box when you have found the right word to interpret the clue. Answers on page 19.

1 Planet beyond Jupiter

2 Latest information

3 Laika went for a ride in it

4 He's a rogue

5 Way in

PRESIDENT RUSSELL INTRODUCES HIMSELF AND TELLS GRANT AND FELIX OF HIS SOLITARY YEARS AS PRESIDENT FREDERICK McCLEAN RUSSELL, LAST DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENT OF THE EARTH GOVERNMENT.
IT'S AN HONOUR TO MEET YOU, MR. PRESIDENT.
SAVE THE PLEASANTRIES, SON. I'VE BEEN HERE TEN YEARS. ONE GETS OUT OF THE HABIT OF OPTIMISM.
I'M JUST A KEPT ANIMAL TO AMUSE COSTRA.
THEN IF WE COULD GET YOU BACK TO COUNTDOWN, IT WOULD GIVE THE WORLD HOPE.
WITH YOUR NAME REVIVED, THE EARTH COULD REVOLT AGAINST COSTRA.
IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH; BUT WE MUST SUCCEED. FIRST WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS PRISON.
AS I SAID BEFORE, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE.
SUDDENLY..
YOU WILL COME TO COMMAND CONTROL!
YOU WILL GIVE US INFORMATION OF YOUR ORIGIN!
ROCKET-FIRING CONTROLS... I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF...
EARTH SHIP APPROACHING!
YOU MUST DIE!
YOU ARE AN ENEMY OF EARTH - YOU MUST BE DESTROYED.

# ZOO QUEST ON MARS

START

WILDLIFE HEADQUARTERS EARTH

Full speed ahead. Move on five spaces.

Cut engines—repair fault. Miss two goes.

Engine boosters at maximum power—take short cut.

Meteorites force you back to base. Start again.

A GAME for two or more players. Each player starts from the Wild Life Headquarters on Earth, travels to the jungle of Mars and captures two animals.

This is done by moving round the planet and landing on an encircled animal. Continue travelling round until you have captured two animals then take the return pathway home ignoring forfeits. Black arrows show way out, open arrows pathway home.

Throw six to start. If a six is thrown during play, have an extra throw.

Landing difficult. Miss one turn.

If you have captured two animals, take a return course for home.

MARS JUNGLE

Capture Dinosaur. Miss a go and then continue.

Capture Mammoth Miss a go and then continue.

Capture Pterodactyl. Miss a go and then continue.

Capture Sabre-tooth Tiger. Miss a go and then continue.

Dense jungle—take short cut

BUT THE MISSILES ARE CLEAR . . .
THE EARTH SHIP IS SOUGHT OUT AND...
ONE OF A SERIES OF WATCHFUL SATELLITES FLASHES A MESSAGE TO EARTH . . .
SATELLITE M4-2 REPORTS COMPANY SHIP Z946 DESTROYED, SIR. THE ANALYSIS SAYS IT WAS ATTACKED BY MISSILES.
THE CONTROLLER SHOULD HEAR ABOUT THIS.
COULD THIS BE THE WORK OF RUSSELL?
I DON'T THINK SO, CONTROLLER. FOR TEN YEARS HE'S BEEN A MODEL PRISONER.
EVEN SO, PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER TO WIPE OUT RUSSELL AND HIS PLAYGROUND.
MEANWHILE, ON THE PRISON PLANET, GRANT IS STILL FREE OF THE ROBOT GUARDS . . .
HOPE I'M HEADING RIGHT FOR THE GLASS CAGE! FELIX WILL WONDER WHAT IS HAPPENING.
BUT THEN...
OOOPS! OH, NO!
ARREST THE INTRUDER! ARREST THE INTRUDER!
SURRENDER! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE!

## COUNTDOWN LINKWORD

Linkwords are formed by using the *last* letter of the first word as the *first* letter of the next. All first and last letters will fall in a numbered box when you have found the right word to interpret the clue. Answers on page 19.

1 It's fired from a gun

2 Navy missile

3 A spaceship does this round the Earth

4 Armoured vehicle

5 Chess piece

NO MORE WARNINGS WILL BE GIVEN...
I THINK THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE BRUTE FORCE...
GRANT PICKS UP THE BROKEN ROBOT...
IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, IT COULD BE THE END.
HUMAN FLEEING TOWARDS CELL! CONCENTRATE ON REPAIR. SOLDIER ROBOTS WILL EXTERMINATE HUMAN LATER.
GRANT REACHES THE CELLS...
THE DOOR JUST OPENED!
I SEEM TO HAVE CUT THEIR POWER SUPPLY! COME ON— THEY DON'T SOUND TOO PLEASED ABOUT IT!
BEING HERE ALL THESE YEARS I'VE HAD A CHANCE TO WORK OUT THE LAYOUT. OUR MOST LIKELY ROUTE FOR ESCAPE IS THIS WAY.
O.K., YOU'RE THE BOSS!
THE WINDING STAIRS COME OUT INTO THE OPEN...
WE'RE ON A MOUNTAINSIDE!
GOOD—KEEP CLIMBING—THEIR MECHANICAL DINOSAUR WON'T BE ABLE TO GET US UP HERE!
THIS LOOKS HOPEFUL, GRANT.
DON'T JUST ADMIRE IT—MOVE!

WE'RE NOT GOING TO LAST LONG OUT HERE. THE MECHANICAL DINOSAUR WILL SOON TRACK US DOWN.
OUR ONLY HOPE IS THE TRANSPORTER BEAM.
USING THE AMAZING WHISPER WHEEL, GRANT SENDS HIS THOUGHT MESSAGE ACROSS SPACE TO COUNTDOWN...
HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE YOU TO BEAM US OVER, BILL?
WE'VE FOLLOWED YOUR PROGRESS, GRANT. WE CAN BEAM YOU OVER NOW IF YOU'RE READY.
WE HAVE TO GET TO THE BEACON, BILL. IT'S STILL IN THE WRECKAGE.
GRANT REALISES THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE...
LET'S GO!
AND SOON...
FRED AND I WILL SEARCH — YOU KEEP A LOOK-OUT, FELIX.
RIGHT, GRANT.
MINUTES LATER...
GOT IT. SEEMS TO HAVE HAD A KNOCK...
WHEN YOU'RE READY, GRANT.
GRANT'S CHECKING THE BEACON.
THE MINUTE HE'S READY, OPERATE THAT BEAM.
O.K., MARC.
BUT THEN...
GRANT! THE DINOSAUR'S FOUND US!
I DON'T WANT TO WORRY YOU TWO, BUT THEY'RE NOT ROBOTS... THEY'RE FOR REAL! AND THEY'RE GOING TO FIGHT OVER WHO HAS US FOR SUPPER!

## COUNTDOWN LINKWORD

Linkwords are formed by using the *last* letter of the first word as the *first* letter of the next. All first and last letters will fall in a numbered box when you have found the right word to interpret the clue. Answers on page 19.

1 Aries and Taurus are signs of this

2 Meteorite could cause this on impact

3 What an aircraft lands on

4 Famous American university

5 He's a specialist

SOON THE GARGANTUAN BEASTS ARE LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT. THE GROUND TREMBLES UNDER THE TERRIBLE STRUGGLE...
COME ON, YOU GUYS... THEY MIGHT BE SO PREOCCUPIED THEY'LL LET US GET AWAY.
RIGHT WITH YOU, GRANT. I DON'T FANCY BEING A SNACK EITHER.
BACK TO THE MOUNTAIN! WE HAVE TO GET SOMEWHERE CLEAR SO COUNTDOWN CAN BEAM US BACK.
THEY JUST MAKE THE SUMMIT, WHEN...
THE MECHANICAL DINOSAUR!
I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE ROBOTS!
YOU MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN, BUT THEY HAVEN'T — THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF THEM.
I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF...
...WE INTRODUCED OUR ROBOT FRIENDS TO A COUPLE OF ANGRY DINOSAURS?
WORTH AN EXPERIMENT, I'D SAY.
WAIT FOR IT— AS SOON AS THEY REAR UP...
NOW!

THE THREE FUGITIVES RACE UNDER THE SHADOWS OF THE MONSTERS...
THEN...
CEASE THEIR EXISTENCE!
BUT THE PRIMEVAL BEASTS' IRON-HARD HIDES ARE UNAFFECTED BY THE ROBOT'S RAY...
BUT IT IS SOON TOO DARK; SO THE EXHAUSTED TRIO REST FOR THE NIGHT. NEXT MORNING...
THAT'S IT, BOYS — ENJOY YOURSELVES!
YEAH! BUT LET'S GET INTO THESE HILLS BEFORE MORE ROBOTS ARRIVE!
IT SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH HERE; WHILE YOU AND I CHECK THE BEACON; FELIX.
SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING TO EAT, FELIX. I'LL TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE BEACON.
O.K., GRANT.
FELIX IS ONLY YARDS AWAY; WHEN...
D'YOU THINK THESE THINGS ARE EDIBLE, GRANT?
COME AWAY FROM THERE, YOU CLOWN. IF MOTHER COMES BACK...
EVEN AS GRANT SPEAKS AN OMINOUS SHADOW MOVES ABOVE THEM...
A GIANT PTERODACTYL — AND SHE DOESN'T LIKE US PLAYING WITH HER BABIES.
LOOK OUT!

## COUNTDOWN LINKWORD

Linkwords are formed by using the *last* letter of the first word as the *first* letter of the next. All first and last letters will fall in a numbered box when you have found the right word to interpret the clue. Answers on page 19.

1 You need bags of it to run a mile

2 —— Gagarin

3 Frozen spike of water

4 Found in a dying fire

5 Western circus

SHE'S GOING TO ATTACK!
HEAVE SOME ROCKS AT HER, FELIX, WHILE I PUT THIS FELLA BACK.
KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, GRANT.
I HAVE A NASTY FEELING IT'S DANGEROUS TO HANG ABOUT HERE.
MEANWHILE, ON EARTH, CONTROLLER COSTRA MAKES A DECISION...
LET'S GET AWAY BEFORE SHE COMES BACK.
I THINK WE'LL FORGET ABOUT BREAKFAST AND GET BACK TO COUNTDOWN.
DESTROY THAT WRETCHED PLANET!
YES, CONTROLLER. I WILL MAKE THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS.

LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER...
WELCOME ABOARD, SIR. IT'S AN HONOUR TO HAVE YOU HERE.
THANKS, COMMANDER. I OWE YOU A LOT— ESPECIALLY THESE TWO GUYS.
SIMULTANEOUSLY ON THE PRISON PLANET...
I THINK WE CAN EXCLUDE THIS LITTLE PROBLEM.

# DASTARDLY AND MUTTLEY

ZWIP BRRR TWEEM PIGEON PERFECT!
GOOD WORK, KLUNK. ALL WE NEED NOW IS A PROGRAMME FOR THE GUIDANCE SYSTEM!
CURSES, THEY'LL WIN ALL THE GLORY!
BEFORE LONG...
SUCH SOPHISTICATED WEAPONS ARE WASTED ON THOSE FOOLS.
WE'LL GET THE PIGEON BEFORE THEY RETURN!
AND SO...
IT CALLS FOR TEAMWORK, EH, MUTTLEY!
SURE THING, BOSS, D'YOU THINK THIS PROGRAMME'S O.K.?
TARGET PROGRAMME
SOON...
ALL PROGRAMMED AND READY TO GO, CHIEF!
EXCELLENT!
STAND BY. COUNTDOWN.. 4..3..2..1.. FIRE!
WE HAVE A MALFUNCTION!
YOUR PROGRAMME MUST BE DEFUNCT. GET UP THERE AND FIX IT!
GRRR.. GRUMBLE.. GRRR..
GRR.. NIGGLE.. GRR..
...AND MIND YOU DON'T BREAK ANYTHING!
I WONDER WHAT THIS SWITCH IS FOR? OOOOOEEEK!
SKOOSH
YEOW!
MEANWHILE THE GENERAL TAKES A BREATHER...
IT'S A LOVELY DAY!
SWISH
SWITCH IT OFF, YOU CANINE CLOT!
GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT'S THAT?
NO
YES
NO
IT WON'T STOP THINKING, BOSS. IT SEEMS TO HAVE A MIND OF IT'S OWN!
THERE'S THE BIRDIE ON HIS HAT!
GULP!
EEEK!
OH, NO!
BLAM
GRR, IF WE EVER GET OUT OF THIS HOLE IT'S THE SALT MINES FOR YOU, DASTARDLY, AND CATFOOD FACTORY FOR MUTTLEY!
OH NO!
OH NO!

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# Seeing is Believing...

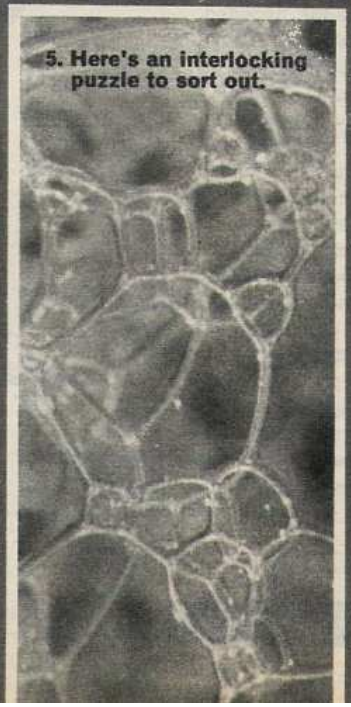
**That's what they say—but you can't always see what you believe in, or believe in what you see. If you think you know better, have a shot at identifying these everyday articles magnified and taken from an unusual angle. You'd be surprised how often your eyes play you tricks!**

1. Rashers of bacon, would you say? Or what?

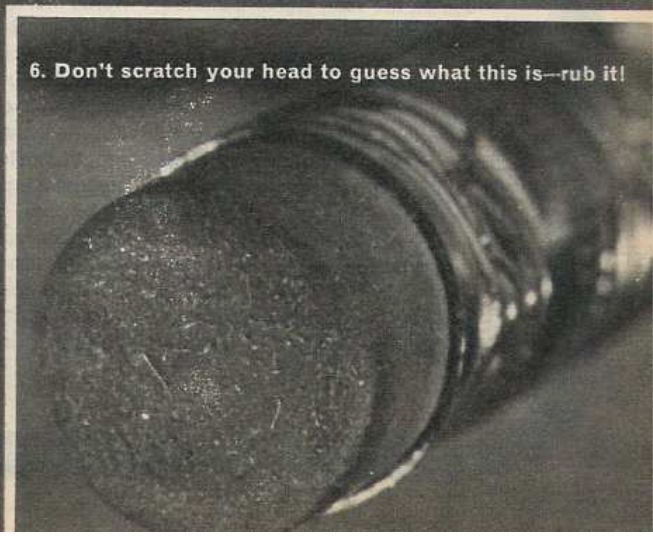
2. What weird creature from Outer Space have we here?

3. Stick 'em up! Is it a gun —or isn't it?

4. The solution to this problem is pressing!



5. Here's an interlocking puzzle to sort out.



6. Don't scratch your head to guess what this is—rub it!

1. Coin-collectors probably got this one correct—it's a pile of pennies.
2. You could have one of these strange beasts in your pocket—it's a ball-point pen.
3. No, it's not the muzzle of a gun. Full marks if you guessed a cigarette lighter.
4. Your sister probably spotted this one first—they're press studs.
5. Next time you see a soap bubble, have a good look at it. If you've got a magnifying glass, you should see something like this.
6. If you rubbed hard enough you'd have guessed that this was a pencil rubber.

ROAD signs are supposed to help the motorist to get to his destination—but their number and growing complexity have proliferated to such an extent that, instead of making driving easier, they have made it a nightmare.

In many built-up areas the motorist is completely distracted by the confusing array of traffic signals, flashing lights, pavement signs and painted directions on roads and buildings, so that he can't take them all in without stopping his car, and he can't do that without making himself a Public Nuisance No. 1

# Signs of the Future

Above: An electrician attends to a roadside computer, which feeds direction signals to drivers. Right: As a motorist in a simulator car 'drives' down a street, TV results are carefully recorded. Below: A technician positions cars for a test in the 1/87th scale model city.

as the traffic behind him piles up.

Obviously, when the driver is so confused, accidents are bound to happen, particularly at crossroads, and it was with a view to solving this problem that the U.S. Bureau of Road Research started an inquiry to find out what drivers needed to help them make better use of highway networks.

Perhaps there was a way of using the technical expertise of the aerospace industry to help sort out the tangle. This seemed like a good idea, and the leading experts on rocket and missile guidance, control and simulation—North American Rockwell—were given a contract to come up with an Electronic Route Guidance System (ERGS) for use on the vast, signal-cluttered highways.

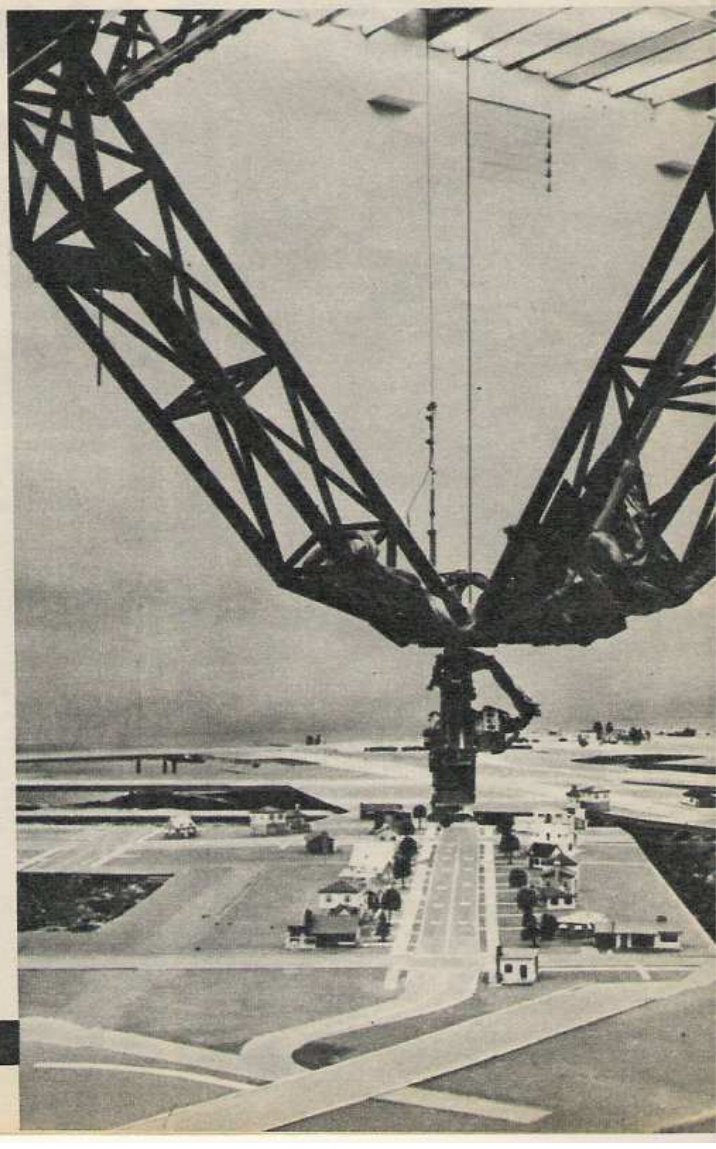
The boffins buckled down to their task and came up with the answer—instead of the route directions being visually read on the roads, they would be electronically displayed *in the car*.

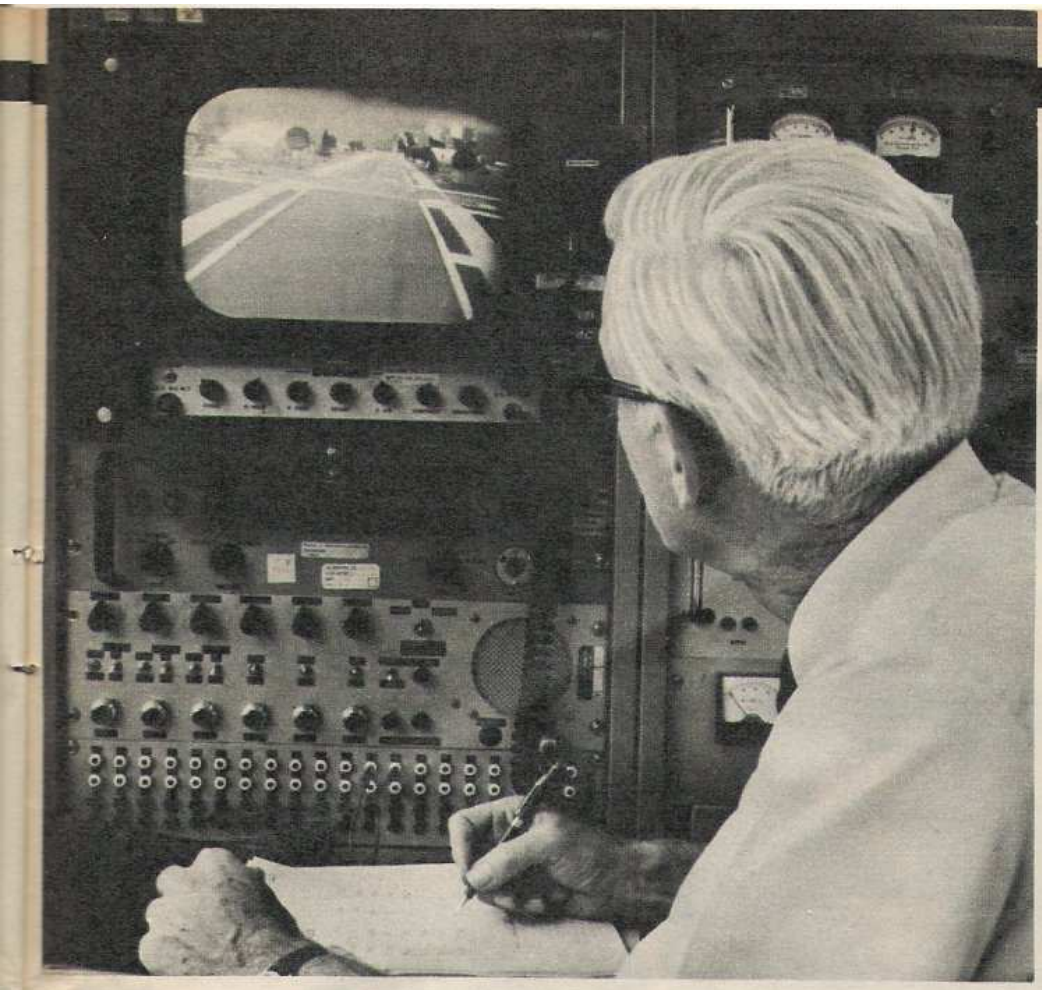
It works like this. Suppose a driver wants to travel to an unfamiliar destination. He looks up the address in a special directory in which each listing has a six-letter code. He then notes his specific code and dials it into a control box under his dashboard. He is then ready to start. All along the route are roadside, computer-like terminals containing a transmitter-receiver and a decoder. As the driver approaches each intersection of the network, he trips an antenna loop embedded in the roadway. This transmits a radio impulse to another antenna in the car, switching on the control box.

In this way the desired destination, previously coded, is picked up by the roadside unit, decoded, and the appropriate instructions flashed on a display screen on the car's dashboard.

The information appears as a combination of arrows and words that light up on the screen for several seconds—for instance, the unit may signal the driver to turn left at the next road and then take a right-hand turn two blocks later. There is no confusion, as there are enough loops along the way to guide him.

By automatically programming his route in this way the driver will avoid the present confusion, as he simply has to follow the directions on his display screen,





though he were in real traffic, he stops, accelerates, steers and turns, controlling the movement of the TV camera—its speed and direction—from the car.

Electrodes are attached to the driver so that his reactions to the ERGS signals as they flash inside the car can be measured. His heart rate is monitored, and also his stress levels. The equipment records whether he is tense or comfortable, whether he makes a turn at the proper time or shoots past it. As the driver passes each checkpoint, 14 different factors are printed out by a digital computer, and his overall behaviour and performance is carefully evaluated. The efficiency of the ERGS system can thus be analysed before it is put into practice on a large scale.

The day may yet dawn when all a driver has to do to reach his destination is dial the appropriate code and then sit back and let electronics do the driving for him. That day has not

**Right: This confusing array of traffic signs would be eliminated by the new Electronic Route Guidance System.**

all of which appear in ample time for him to make the required manoeuvre.

The whole scheme, however, needs thorough testing, and about 50 vehicles and 100 intersections in a corner of Washington, D.C., are being equipped with the necessary electronic gadgetry to determine just how much in advance a driver needs to have signals flashed before him.

To iron out any snags in the pilot scheme, North American Rockwell has built an elaborate 'miniature city' at its Columbus Division. This is a 1/87th scale model of the 22-intersection area of Washington, covering nearly four miles of roads, and complete with hundreds of plastic homes, cars, trees, telephone poles and other items of the normal street scene.

In a room next to this huge model there is a test car, without wheels, but rigged out with all the ERGS electronic equipment. A screen stands in front of the car, which is mounted on a stand, and, on a test run, a high-resolution closed-circuit television camera moves along the streets of the scale-model city, the resultant picture being flashed on the screen.

The moving projected image on the screen gives the person at the wheel of the test car the feeling that he is actually driving through the city streets. As arrived yet, but the ERGS programme certainly makes it look as though the road along which technology is travelling will make it dawn in the not-too-distant future.

All the signs are in the motorist's favour—which they most certainly are not at the moment.

It is hoped, however, that this equipment may pave the way to it.

## COUNTDOWN LINKWORD

Linkwords are formed by using the *last* letter of the *first* word as the first letter of the next. All first and last letters will fall in a numbered box when you have found the right word to interpret the clue. Answers on page 19.

1 Kettle spouts it

2 Name for 'car'

3 Mechanical man

4 Farm vehicle

5 Close shave

# FIREBALL XL5

Fireball XL5 is returning from patrol . . .

XL5
FIRE BOOSTERS, ROBERT— LET'S GET HOME!
FIRE BOOSTERS
AS THE BOOSTER MOTORS CUT IN, A VIOLENT EXPLOSION ROCKS THE GREAT SHIP...
CUT MOTORS! MAT, THE BOOSTERS HAVE GONE!
MAIN CIRCUITS BLOWN OUT, STEVE!
I'M JUST GOING OUT TO CHECK IT!
OKAY... I'LL STAY AT THE CONTROLS.
CAN YOU FIX IT, MAT?
IT'LL TAKE A COUPLE OF DAYS, STEVE... ANY CHANCE OF USING THE AUXILIARY MOTORS TO PUT DOWN FOR REPAIRS?
OKAY, MAT— COME ABOARD... WE PASSED A FAIR SIZE ASTEROID A WHILE BACK— WE SHOULD REACH IT EASY!

FIREBALL'S AUXILIARY ENGINES SLOWLY CARRY THE GREAT SHIP TO THE ASTEROID...
XL5
XL5
GOT THE TOOLS, STEVE?
SURE— LET'S GET TO WORK!
WHILE YOU'RE WORKING, I THINK I'LL EXPLORE THIS PLACE.
OKAY, VENUS— BUT KEEP IN TOUCH!
MAT UNHOOKS THE INSPECTION HATCH...
...WHICH CRASHES TO THE ASTEROID'S SURFACE...
THAT HATCH SHOULD HAVE FLOATED, STEVE— THERE'S NEXT TO NO GRAVITY ON THIS ASTEROID.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOW, MAT— LET'S GET ON WITH THIS REPAIR!
STEVE! MAT! STEVE —QUICKLY!
VENUS— WE'RE COMING!
LOOK!

## COUNTDOWN LINKWORD

Linkwords are formed by using the *last* letter of the first word as the *first* letter of the next. All first and last letters must fall in a numbered box, but will only do so when you have found the right word to interpret the clue.

1 Prehistoric beast

2 Saturn, for example

3 Rubbish

4 Sailor or part of the arm

5 Way round

HE... HE LOOKS FROZEN, STEVE... LIKE A STATUE!
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG, MAT... STAY HERE, I'M GOING FORWARD!
MAT — IT'S... A...
SKELETON!
COME ON, VENUS — WE'D BETTER CHECK THE SHIP!
IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO FIND OUT WHO THESE POOR PEOPLE WERE!
MAT GIVES THE STRANGE SHIP A THOROUGH CHECK...
THE ENGINES ARE BURNT OUT, STEVE — SHE TRIED TO TAKE OFF AND COULDN'T...
I KNOW, MAT — IT'S ALL IN THIS FLIGHT LOG... COME ON, LET'S GET BACK TO FIREBALL.
MAT GETS TO WORK ON FIREBALL'S BOOSTERS... BUT AS STEVE PASSES A SPANNER...
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
STEADY DOWN, MAT — I DROPPED IT... I CAN EASILY PICK IT UP.
XL5
MAT — IT WON'T BUDGE.
THAT DOES IT — THE MAGNETIC PULL OF THIS ASTEROID'S TOO GREAT FOR MY LIKING... LET'S DO THE REPAIR IN SPACE!
GOOD IDEA.

FIRE AUXILIARIES!
FIRE AUXILIARIES!
XL5
XL5
RIGHT— LIFT OFF!
BUT...
MAT— WE'RE NOT MOVING!
CUT MOTORS, STEVE— FAST... BEFORE THEY BURN OUT!
XL5
XL5
WHAT'S WRONG, MAT ?
LOOK AT THIS MAGNOMETER... THE NEEDLE'S NEARLY OFF THE DIAL... YET THERE WASN'T A FLICKER OF THE DIAL WHEN WE LANDED.
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MAT— I'M GOING TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, EVEN IF I HAVE TO BLAST THIS ASTEROID TO PIECES!
STEVE— THIS ASTEROID'S BECOME ONE HUGE MAGNET! WE'RE STUCK HERE FOR GOOD... LIKE THAT OTHER SHIP.
SPLIT UP AND SEARCH— IF YOU FIND ANYTHING USE YOUR RADIO.
SUDDENLY...

## COUNTDOWN LINKWORD

Linkwords are formed by using the *last* letter of the first word as the *first* letter of the next. All first and last letters must fall in a numbered box, but will only do so when you have found the right word to interpret the clue.

1 Citadel in Moscow

2 Point of the compass

3 Stringed musical instrument

4 Where you keep your money

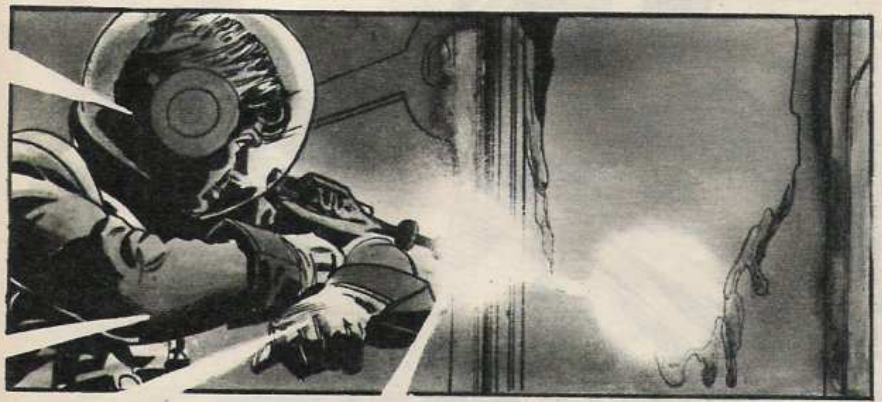
5 It's opposed to the fingers

STEVE'S SPACE SUIT CUSHIONS THE FALL...
WHAT ON EARTH'S THIS...?
STAND ASIDE FOR MEALS!
SUDDENLY TABLES AND BENCHES RISE FROM THE FLOOR...
IF THERE'S FOOD... THERE MUST BE PEOPLE... AND I'M GOING TO BE READY FOR THEM...
BUT NO ONE APPEARS, AND AFTER HALF AN HOUR, THE PLATES, STILL FULL, ARE CONVEYED FROM THE TABLES WHICH SINK BACK INTO THE FLOOR...
THIS IS FANTASTIC... SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE IS CONTROLLING THIS ASTEROID!
I WISH I COULD GET IN TOUCH WITH MAT AND VENUS ... HELLO, THERE'S A TUNNEL AHEAD.
A CONTROL CABIN... BUT IT'S DESERTED... THIS ASTEROID SHIP MUST CARRY HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE — BUT WHERE ARE THEY?

THE WHINE OF MOTORS... FROM BEHIND THAT DOOR!

STEVE STEPS TOWARDS THE DOOR, BUT SUDDENLY FREEZES...
HALT! YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED BEYOND THIS POINT... RETURN TO YOUR QUARTERS
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

I'LL GET IN LOW... MAKE A SMALLER TARGET!



A CLOSED BOX? I DON'T GET IT... UNLESS THERE'S A DOOR I CAN'T SEE!

STEVE STEPS INTO THE CUPBOARD...
...AND ANOTHER STEEL DOOR CLANGS SHUT BEHIND HIM...
YOU WERE WARNED— NOW YOU MUST DIE!

## COUNTDOWN LINKWORD

**Linkwords are formed by using the *last* letter of the first word as the *first* letter of the next. All first and last letters will fall in a numbered box when you have found the right word to interpret the clue. Answers on page 19.**

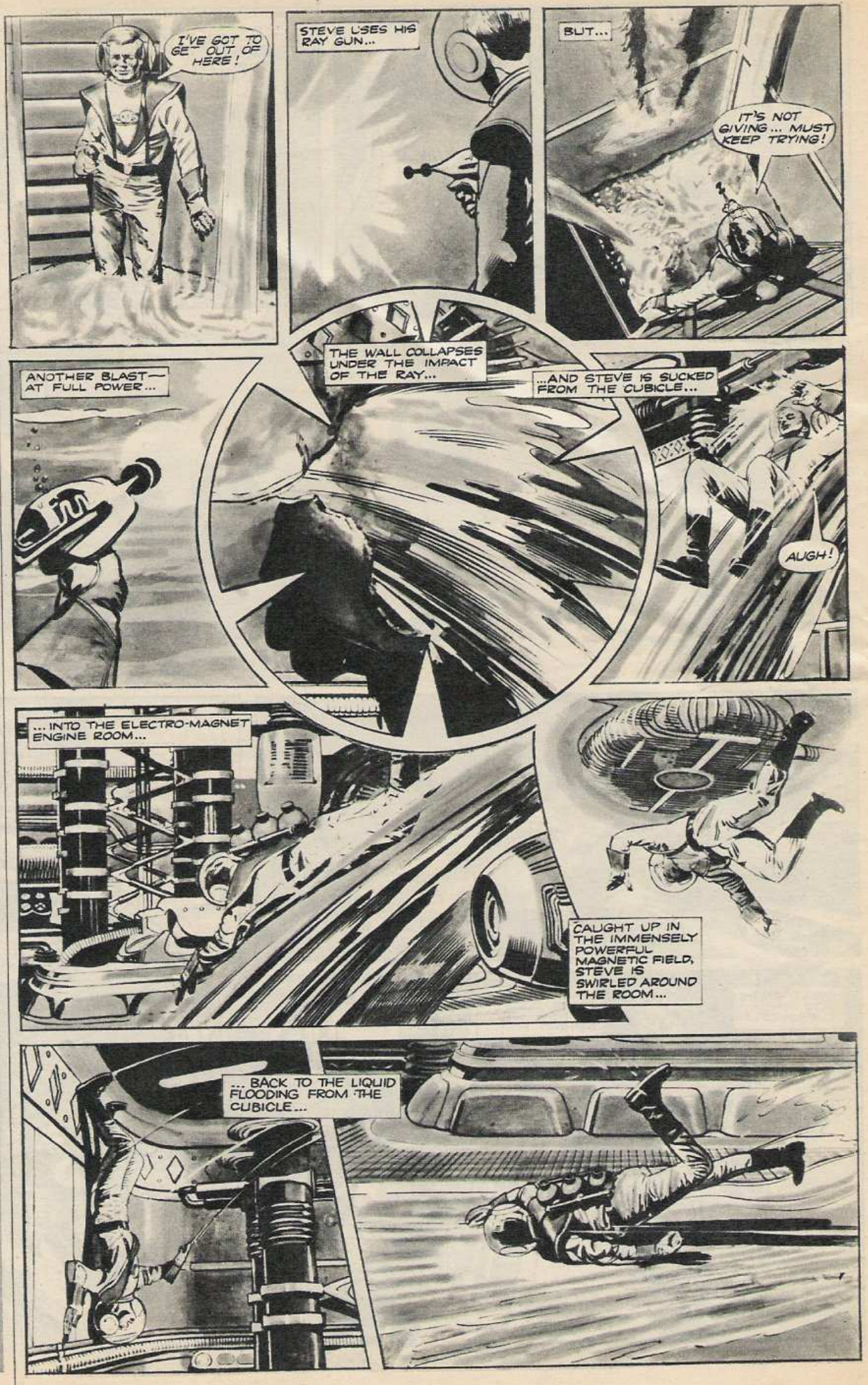
1 Warship

2 Wild and headstrong

3 Enormous

4 Lift

5 Cars run on it


I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
STEVE USES HIS RAY GUN...
BUT...
IT'S NOT GIVING... MUST KEEP TRYING!
ANOTHER BLAST— AT FULL POWER...
THE WALL COLLAPSES UNDER THE IMPACT OF THE RAY...
...AND STEVE IS SUCKED FROM THE CUBICLE...
AUGH!
... INTO THE ELECTRO-MAGNET ENGINE ROOM...
CAUGHT UP IN THE IMMENSELY POWERFUL MAGNETIC FIELD, STEVE IS SWIRLED AROUND THE ROOM...
... BACK TO THE LIQUID FLOODING FROM THE CUBICLE...

THE LIQUID REACHES THE ELECTRO-MAGNET'S TERMINALS...
STEVE COMES ROUND...
BOTH LEGS ARE BROKEN, MAT— AND POSSIBLY OTHER INJURIES. WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK TO FIREBALL.
HI... HOW DID YOU TWO GET HERE?
SOMETHING BLEW A GIGANTIC HOLE IN THE ASTEROID... I GUESS IT WAS YOU!
NOW, NO TALKING! LET'S GET BACK TO FIREBALL.
LATER, IN FIREBALL'S SICK BAY.
I DON'T GET IT, MAT— A HUGE SHIP BUT NO PEOPLE!
THEY DIED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, STEVE!
THE WHOLE SHIP WAS RUN AUTOMATICALLY. ALTHOUGH THE PEOPLE DIED, THE MACHINES DIDN'T.
BUT HOW DID THAT OTHER CRAFT WE FOUND COME TO BE STUCK THERE?
WHEN THE AUTOMATIC CONTROL CHANGED COURSE IT SWITCHED ON THE ELECTRO-MAGNET MOTORS... ANYTHING ON THE ASTEROID WAS CAUGHT IN THE MAGNETIC FIELD.
NOW EVERYTHING'S OKAY, I'LL REPAIR FIREBALL'S MAIN BOOSTERS!
AND TWO DAYS LATER...
ROBERT! SET COURSE FOR HOME!
SET COURSE FOR HOME!

Dr. WHO • Dr. WHO • Dr. WHO • Dr. WHO • Dr. WHO • Dr. WHO • Dr.

# THE THING

**IT was just before midnight on a dark wintry evening when the blinding green flare suddenly lit up the whole of the southern counties of England. It lasted for 10 seconds—an unearthly, pulsating glow that stopped men in their tracks and had the farm animals for miles around kicking and moaning in terror. Then it vanished, and the gloom that followed lay like a thick, brooding menace over the land.**

At the Secret Research Station near Portsmouth, Doctor Who was instantly awake. He stared

Dr. WHO • Dr. WHO • Dr. WHO • Dr. WHO • Dr. WHO • Dr. WHO • Dr.

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around his sleeping quarters after the eerie glow had subsided and reached for the panel at his side. He pressed a button and a face appeared on the video screen by his bed.

"Yes, sir," said the duty guard officer.

"What the devil was that light that woke me up?" demanded the Doctor.

"Light, sir?"

"Yes, confound it, light!" Doctor Who said irritably. "It looked like a flare of some kind. Find out and report back right away, there's a good chap."

He switched off the video set, swung his legs out of bed and went to the window. The sky was pitch black and there was nothing to be seen save the lights of a frigate berthed across the harbour. He was staring at the ship and wondering about the unusual degree of activity on board when a voice called him back to the video screen.

The duty guard officer was breathless.

"That flare you saw, sir—reports are coming in to say that some bright, flaming object splashed down in Portsmouth Harbour—the Navy are wanting to know if we're responsible—they're pretty steamed up about it . . ."

"I'll bet," said Doctor Who. "Right—call an emergency meeting of Security. Operations Room in ten minutes."

# FROM OUTER SPACE!

## Glowing Mass

Hurriedly dressing, he took the high-speed lift to the control centre at the top of the 10-storey block that dominated the Research Station and found an excited group of officers and scientists already assembled in the Operations Room.

They were crowded near the huge window that overlooked Portsmouth Harbour, and Doctor Who joined them.

"What's going on?" he inquired, and then froze. "Heavens above!" he breathed.

In the centre of the harbour lay a great, glowing mass, heaving and pulsing like some monstrous jellyfish. Long tendrils waved from the creature's body and a hideous frog-like head protruded from its upper surface. The powerful pulses of eerie green light threw the harbour into sharp relief. Even as Doctor Who watched, the Thing began to move—towards the frigate against the jetty.

Horrified, the onlookers in the Operations Room stared in disbelief at the scene that followed. The sailors on the frigate had manned the cannons and were firing a steady stream of shells at the advancing monster. They might as well have used a pea-shooter to stop a whirlwind. The shells were bursting short of the huge, glowing creature and, as the monster drew closer to the ship, the shells burst ever nearer to the guns—until there was a great flash and a roar as one of the shells exploded in the pom-pom gun barrel. Simultaneously, the great, pulsating Thing stretched out one of its waving antennae and touched the ship's side. Immediately, the vessel was engulfed in a brilliant sheet of phosphorescent fire. For several seconds the whole harbour was garishly illuminated by the savage light. Then there came a great shroud of darkness, impenetrable, silent. The monster had disappeared into the depths of the harbour, leaving the frigate blackened and lifeless on the surface.

Doctor Who looked at the shocked, stunned faces of his colleagues. His lips were pursed as though he were about to whistle and his eyes had a distant look.

"Force field, obviously," he said, almost to himself. "The shells burst against it. Naturally . . . h'm . . . Self-generating energy, perhaps—or . . ."

"Doctor!" A bespectacled scientist with wild, staring eyes was shaking him by the arm. "For God's sake—what was it?"

Doctor Who looked round him gravely.

"I don't know for certain," he said slowly, "but if my hunch is correct, we may have seen something that I can only describe as embodied solar energy."

"Embodied *what*?" cried a harassed-looking Major, interrupting a stream of telephoned orders to turn a startled and incredulous face to the Doctor.

"It's only my guess," said Doctor Who. "But we'll leave our guessing till later. First, I want to see that ship. Order a launch at once. Sparks," he said, turning to the Duty Communications Officer, "get on to the anti-submarine establishment. I want a fire-fighting boat laid on, and all the gallons of paint they can lay their hands on. Better shake up the Navy stores people to get the stuff right away. We've no time to lose . . ."

It was a grim sight that met Doctor Who's gaze as he stepped aboard the frigate 10 minutes later. By this time the ship was crawling with Dockyard security police and Naval brass-hats. Crew members were sprawled all over the upper deck, and the ship looked as though it had been scorched by a giant blow-torch. Charred woodwork and blistered paint testified to the heat that the frigate had been subjected to. The electrical equipment on board had fused, and emergency lighting was being rigged. Flash-lamps were waving in all directions as officers conducted a preliminary survey of the stricken ship.

"Are those men dead?" asked Doctor Who, indicating the sprawled figures.

## Hideous Creature

"Afraid so," said a stocky, grim-faced Naval captain. "Couldn't have known what hit them. Electrocuted, by the look of them . . ."

"Sir!" An excited Petty Officer raced up. "Over there, sir. Look!"

All eyes turned in the direction of the rating's pointing finger.

Emerging from the water not fifty yards away was the evil, glowing surface of the monster. Brilliant green flashes pulsed out from the hideous creature as it appeared to wave its tendrils in mocking salute.

Doctor Who was the first to pull himself together.

"That thing has got to be destroyed before it wipes out the whole dockyard," he snapped. In a few brief sentences he outlined his plan to Captain Fenton, the stocky sailor.

"Come with me, Doctor," said Captain Fenton briskly, and together they ran down the gangway of the ship to a waiting staff car on the jetty.

"The anti-submarine establishment," rapped the Captain as they flung themselves into the seats behind the driver.

On screaming tyres the powerful car devoured the intervening distance, and the two men leapt out and raced into the underwater warfare building.

To Doctor Who's delight, the Naval men had already prepared a large fire-fighting craft equipped with powerful water cannons.

The officer in charge of the operations pointed to the drums of paint stacked on deck.

"There's your paint, Doctor," he said, "but I'm hanged if I can see what use it's going to be against that thing out there."

Doctor Who looked at the boat with evident satisfaction.

"Commander," he said crisply, "if my plan is to work you'll have to pick two brave men. I want them equipped with underwater rubber diving suits and breathing apparatus. They're to come with me on the fire-boat until we're near enough to that creature for them to go overboard. Issue them with those portable anti-sub rocket guns you chaps have got—and have the paint made ready for spraying from those fire cannons."

Leaving the officer to carry out his instructions, Doctor Who and Captain Fenton went aboard the fire-boat. From the deck they could see the glowing green mass of the alien creature in the middle of the harbour.

"Thank Heavens it hasn't moved yet," said Doctor Who. He looked at his companion. "Any idea what it is, Captain?"

Captain Fenton stroked his jaw as his steel-grey eyes surveyed the Thing.

"I should say some form of alien life that's intruded into our dimension of Time and Space. That energy it uses must be something pretty incredible—like concentrated lightning."

Doctor Who nodded.

"Our Universe occasionally throws up rebels from its depths," he said. "That thing is obviously a cosmic freak which has broken the normal laws of Nature and become totally destructive in our Earthly environment. It evidently

needs some kind of cosmic energy to sustain it—that's probably why it's pulsing out there like that. It's a kind of breathing, don't you see?

"And you intend to stop it breathing?"

"Precisely," said Doctor Who.

In ten minutes all preparations had been completed and the two frogmen had reported to Doctor Who for instructions.

"My idea is this," he told them. "That creature out there has a surface force-field, so it'll have to be approached from underneath where the force-field probably won't operate. If it's taken by surprise, my hope is that the distraction will enable me to get near enough to kill it."

"Kill it!" echoed the divers.

"Stone dead," said Doctor Who. "Let's go!"

With a powerful roar the fire-boat headed towards the middle of the harbour and the glowing monster.

"Looks like it's moving, sir," said the helmsman suddenly, pointing.

The great pulsing creature, as though sensing the approach of danger, had turned its hideous head towards the fire-boat and, with waving antennae, had begun to move in their direction.

"Cut engines!" rapped Doctor Who. "Man those fire-cannons." He turned to the waiting frogmen. "Got your anti-sub guns?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then get weaving—*now*!"

The two frogmen poised for a moment on the boat's side, then plunged into the inky waters.

"Start engines," ordered Doctor Who. "Stand by for action. The fun will begin any minute now."

The creature was now about thirty yards away, a nightmare horror of green fire, its evil eyes fixed on the fire-boat and its deadly antennae snaking out to clutch its prey.

"Hold your fire, men," said Doctor Who. "Captain Fenton—how fast will this craft go?"

"About 30 knots—flat out."

"Then I appoint you Indian chief—keep the boat circling that ugly-faced cowboy in the best Western tradition. I'll shoot the arrows."

"Right!"

As the boat swept in a great foaming arc round the monstrous glowing predator, there was a sudden violent eruption from beneath the creature and a piercing whistle of agony shrilled out, terrifying in its uncanny intensity.

"Good men," yelled Doctor Who. "They've salted its tail. Now—fire those cannons!"

A great jet of liquid spurted out from the fire-cannons and sprayed over the wounded creature. Round and round sped the boat and the cannons sprayed a never-ending stream of thick, black fluid into the heart of the pulsating mass.

"As I suspected," called Doctor Who, "the force-field's gone!"

Suddenly, a tremendous flash filled the night sky—a great seething cauldron of savage green flame boiled up and towered into the sky.

"It's burst its seams!" cried Captain Fenton. "What a show!"

Doctor Who wheeled round on him.

"Look out!" he cried. "That fire-ball's heading for us. Get out of here—quick!"

The vast explosion had sent a great wave of flame billowing towards the fire-boat. Doctor Who clenched the rails till his knuckles showed white as the craft turned tail and raced for its life. Nearer and nearer came the pursuing fire-ball, and then, just as it seemed as though nothing could prevent the fleeing craft from being overtaken and consumed, there came a second great explosion and, as suddenly as it had appeared, the fireball vanished—completely and utterly, leaving a throbbing black stillness brooding over the waters of the harbour.

Doctor Who sank on to an empty paint drum and ran his fingers through his wiry hair. "This was where I came in," he said limply.

Captain Fenton relaxed beside him as the fire-boat eased off and circled the pool of darkness where the fireball had lived and died.

"Well," he said, releasing a great gust of pent-up breath, "your plan worked, Doctor. The resin in that paint put paid to our friend all right."

Doctor Who's face crumpled into a frown.

"I guessed that creature would be consumed if the paint could turn back that enormous energy on itself. Suffocated, you might say. But what a loss to science." He turned his eyes sadly to the Captain. "Just think what it would have meant to find out what it was that intruded into our world this evening."

Captain Fenton looked at the great plume of smoke rising into the night sky and shook his head.

"You'll have other mysteries to solve, Doctor," he said, wonderingly, "you'll have other mysteries . . ."

## COUNTDOWN LINKWORD

Linkwords are formed by using the *last* letter of the first word as the *first* letter of the next. All first and last letters will fall in a numbered box when you have found the right word to interpret the clue.

1 The Morning Star

2 Our planetary system

3 Male sheep

4 Drinking vessel

5 Used to heat an oven

6 David used one on Goliath

7 The first cosmonaut

8 Landmark jutting out from Isle of Wight

9 First earth satellite

10 South African fenced village

11 Once round a running track

12 What the weasel went

13 Wage

14 A sailing boat

15 This liner sank after hitting an iceberg

16 They take pictures

17 Solar activity said to cause radio interference

18 Runs on the railway

19 Short sleep

20 Fastener

21 Just discovered

22 Sailor's spell of duty

23 Flat fish whose oil is well known

24 Lockjaw

25 Throws this in the works

26 Man-like machine

27 Plenty of it in China

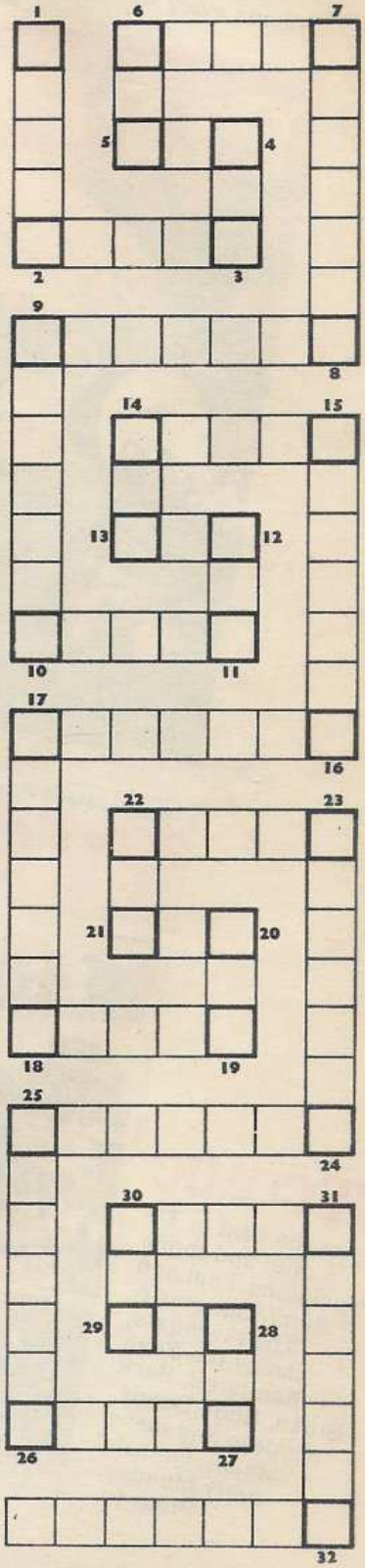
28 Monkey

29 Makes a cracking breakfast!

30 A spook

31 Type of airliner

32 A violent storm




## ANSWERS

1 Venus 2 Solar 3 Ram 4 Mug 5 Gas 6 Sling 7 Gagarin 8 Needles 9 Sputnik 10 Kraal 11 Lap 12 Pop 13 Pay 14 Yacht 15 Titanic 16 Cameras 17 Sunspot 18 Train 19 Nap 20 Pin 21 New 22 Watch 23 Halibut 24 Tetanus 25 Spanner 26 Robot 27 Tea 28 Ape 29 Egg 30 Ghost 31 Trident 32 Tornado

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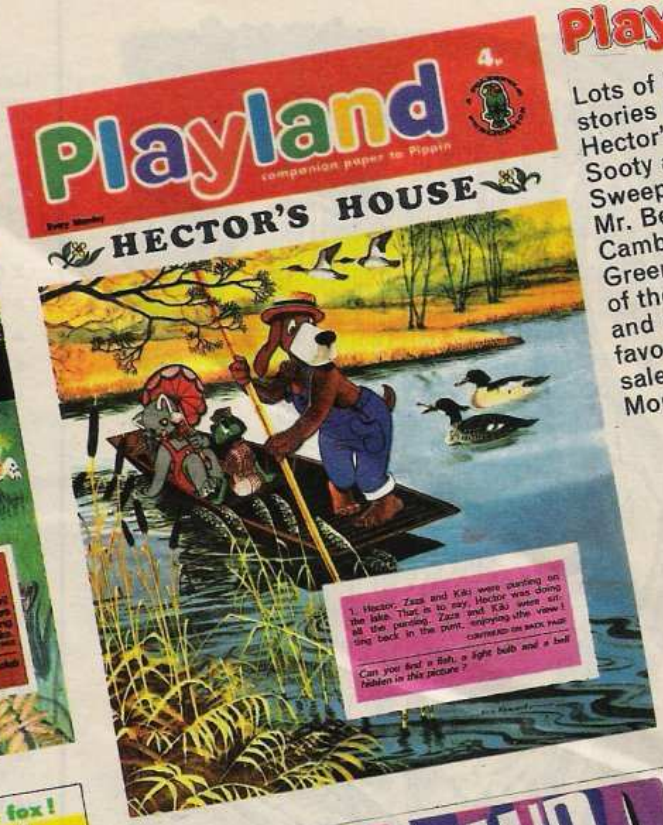


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